THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

JUNE, 1935

THE prevailing mood is once more one of optimism; we are a united people; unemployment is falling; exports and imports are going up; the Government will probably get a fresh mandate from the people—unlikely though this seemed a few months ago. Fortunately there is some ground in our internal situation for a modified optimism. Despite much barely honest comparison with past years carefully chosen to provide a striking contrast—1930 is now being mentioned as the datum line, which is about as sensible as 1066—internal trade is improving. Every single argument used to defend the old free trade position has proved false. We have protected the home market without raising prices to the consumer, and have reduced our imports while actually increasing our exports. Only when the "planners" have taken a hand have we to record, as with agriculture, diminished employment, tension verging on a dangerous quarrel with important customers and friends and the continuance of a desperate situation for the home producers, only relieved by subsidies of an extravagant kind which we are now told are not permanent, without being told the alternative decided upon. It would be unfair to blame all these unfortunate results on Mr. Elliot. All they show is that plans are no substitute for protection; whether, however, when we get the necessary protective tariff we shall succeed in getting rid of the plans is doubtful. Planners are a tenacious race, and almost as bellicose as pacifists.

A Word about the Planners

MOST people have unfortunately too little time to bother with the planners, whose campaign is

assisted by the disturbed condition of Europe and the ruin of the United States. As each plan breaks down, the break-down is attributed, like the break-down of free trade from 1921 to 1931, to world causes, and the opportunity is taken to foist another plan on top of the last. Let us at least keep our industries alive in these difficult times, they cry, and most people agree. Anything for peace and quiet. There is unfortunately a great deal of virtue in this attitude; it is the precise objection to planning that one plan leads to another, and that two plans almost inevitably produce a situation in which a third plan is the only easy way out. The classic instance is Housing. We began with the Rent Restriction Act, which would have been called in these days a Rent Plan. We thus stopped the building of working-class houses and the Government had to step in. This, in turn, led to a huge increase in the cost of housing, which was only checked by the supersession of the first great Housing planner, Doctor Addison, and the summary termination of his plan. But by that time it was too late for sanity. Wages by the time of Mr. Bonar Law's administration were getting stabilized, and the proposal to decontrol rents had to be dropped. The Government had failed to provide the houses, and so, for this, among other reasons, energy was concentrated on forcing all prices down until house building became economic at the artificially low level of rents which had become customary. Here was a simple chain of cause and effect all traceable to one bad "plan" inspired by the most humane and even enlightened motives. How easy to see to-day that had rents been allowed to rise like the cost of all other commodities during the post-war boom, wages would inevitably have been stabilized at a higher figure, there would have been no housing shortage, no subsidies, and, most important of all, no abortive return to gold at the pre-war parity with all the misery that that return spelt for ourselves and for the world.

The New Housing Bill

WE all know the sequel, but how many people realize how far the sequel has carried us? The new Housing Bill does what it is well within the province of a government to do. It lays down a minimum standard of housing accommodation. As, however, houses can still not be built to let at a rent within reach of all classes of wage earners, this Bill will either become a dead letter, or will place on the Government the responsibility for finding alternative accommodation for the families whom it turns into the street. There is actually no more practicability in this Bill than in an enactment making it an offence not to have a joint of roast beef for dinner on Sunday. Just as such a law would involve putting the whole country on rations, and reverting from a money economy to a slave basis, so the Housing Bill will inevitably lead, if it is carried into effect, to housing becoming a national responsibility like education. Unlike education, however, housing cannot be provided by the State without the complete regimentation of the population and the destruction of the very conditions of freedom. It is clearly impossible to provide new spacious and subsidized houses or flats for the unsuccessful and leave the successful to occupy the old fashioned and more expensive accommodation, nor can the State discriminate, if it assumes an indiscriminate obligation, between the merits or desires of individuals. We shall all have to be housed, and housed alike. What will be the effect on the national character and habits?

The Planners get ready

THIS is not a fanciful picture of the final development from one simple and seemingly innocuous "plan" hastily conceived by an embarrassed government at the end of the war. On the contrary, the planners are actually busy behind the scenes with plans for a vast housing corporation which is to build

standardized houses, on the taxpayers' guarantee, for private profit, which will be ensured by a liberal subsidy and a supply of tenants compulsorily required to move from where they live at present. Nor have the planners been backward in providing a formula—which is the modern substitute for a philosophy—to meet this new inroad on liberty. It is no good, they tell us, planning production unless you also plan consumption. With the PEP taken out of it, this means that it is no good trying to sell a mass-produced article to the public unless the Government is prepared to insist on the public swallowing it and on the taxpayer paying for it. I cordially agree. Mr. Sieff and his friends know when they are on to a good thing (which, de-peptonized, means a safe thing) for they carry their demands even further, and require power to force the investor to invest in their schemes. "Stable money cannot be secured without considerable extension of control on behalf of the community over the flow of investments and the uses which the individual makes of his capital." "There are real difficulties in leaving him entirely free to invest his savings in any way he chooses." Certainly, the planners are thorough.

The Future of the Children

THE planners have also prepared reports on education, designed for the evolution of the necessary race of docile *plannees*.

According to the planners, industry, we are told, will increasingly require labour of a certain type, and the public must be trained accordingly. Here, indeed, we reach the climax of impudence. For the only question that matters is what type of industry the public requires, not what type of public industry requires. The British public is long-suffering, but it will certainly not stomach any industrial system, however profitable, which turns them into slaves under Prussian discipline all through their lives, and orders their coming and their going into industry like cattle. It will

come as no surprise to readers of this report of the planning dictators, that their group is also in favour of " drastic inroads upon the rights of ownership of land," and of one centralized system of banking with " some monopolistic privileges." They are wise in their generation. Land, credit and labour must be under absolute control before you create a slave state. Is it, however, already too late to ask whether we really desire to create such a state? If not, we had better beware of the planners whose astute desire to harness the community to their own chariot and thus to combine the evils of communism with the evils of finance-capitalism (only they call it combining the benefits of a planned economy with private enterprise) has so far been insufficiently observed.

The Air Folly

UNFORTUNATELY the views of the planners are being assisted—not altogether unintentionally, I fancy —by the Air panic which resembles closely the discreditable Dreadnought panic before the war, not only in its origins and methods but in the fact that the scare is of our own making. The public are quite unaware that it is this country, and not Germany, nor even Russia, which is opposing the abolition of military aircraft or at least of the bombing of women and children as an instrument of policy, just as the public were unaware that it was this country and not Germany, which was responsible for redesigning the pre-war fleet, and so bringing effective naval rivalry between the two countries into the region of practical politics. It is quite true that the aeroplane is a useful and, on the whole, a humane weapon for intimidating unarmed frontier tribes, though its advantages even here have been ridiculously exaggerated. The great work of pacification and government which made our Indian and African conquests honourable to ourselves and valuable to the whole human race could never have been carried out by the Royal Air Force. Its use is confined to dispersing hostile tribes on the

other side of a frontier already determined and secured. Any serious invasion of such a frontier, if assisted by a Power armed with modern weapons, would have to be dealt with to-morrow in the same way as in the past. Nevertheless, the saving in human life and also in money which has in the recent past resulted from using the Air Arm both in the hinterland of Aden, in Iraq, and on the North-West Frontier is not to be denied. But can this be set against the incalculable consequence of an air war in Europe?

The Real Menace

AN air war in Europe could only be an orgy of meaningless and futile destruction for destruction's sake. It would be a war of reprisals, and like all wars of the kind, could only be ended by the old methods of blockade or occupation. It is a substitute for nothing; merely a barbarous aggravation of the already sufficient horrors of war. It may be urged that no government can trust the word of another not to convert civilian 'planes into bombing planes on the outbreak of war. I see no virtue in this argument, because a war of reprisals, if such became necessary in a world gone mad, could be as easily conducted with converted civilian 'planes as could the original attack. Moreover, and far more cogently, the aggressor would have to risk the world-wide mobilization of public opinion against him if the bombing of towns had been outlawed, whereas if the bomber is the recognized and lauded weapon of Geneva, the aggressor by air will run no such risk. Inevitably, so long as there is no agreement on this matter, we must maintain an adequate air force. The public, much mis-instructed as to its virtues either in defence or attack, will in any case insist on it. But the maintenance of a vastly increased air force puts an additional strain on the Navy and Army. The Navy must be able to safeguard our trade routes, since all the oil required for the fuelling both of the Navy and Air Force has to be imported, and the army must be prepared to safeguard the pipe lines in

the Near East. At the moment neither our Navy nor our Army can fulfil these essential tasks. How many of the British public who clamour for more aeroplanes and yet are totally indifferent to our cruiser requirements are aware of this? Yet it is here that the real menace to our national safety lies.

The Planners and National Finance

IN a reconstructed Government, there will, we may hope, be less room for the planners, but any who may be included will keep a watchful eye on Mr. Neville Chamberlain, lest he should for a moment relax his grip of the "surplus" and return it to the taxpayers. Trade is expanding and the yield of taxation will inevitably expand at the same time. It is essential, from the planners' standpoint, that the public "commitments" should rise at least as fast as the revenue expands. Otherwise, with remission of taxation the need for subsidies would disappear, and the demand for "plans" to regularize and excuse the subsidies would cease. The next budget will indeed be the most critical for many years. Either the Chancellor will use his surplus to reduce the burdens on the individual consumers, poor as well as rich, or he will let the savings due to improved "yield" go the way of the savings due to the declining cost of war pensions, to debt conversion, to the fall in the floating debt charge, to the suspension of the American debt payments and to the suspension of the sinking fund. Thus, our last hidden reserve would go, and we should add still further to the weight of taxation, this time beyond possibility of reduction, and therefore beyond possibility of escape from those subsidies, monopolies, cartels and controls which are the necessary but, in the end, insufficient props of a bankrupt economy. The choice will be watched as anxiously by the planners as by the official socialists. Englishmen, however, will also be watching—and will, we trust, be assisted in their task by their representatives in the House of Commons.

The late Colonel Lawrence

THE death of T. E. Lawrence is the death of a great name. Futile to say "He should have died hereafter." To the world, he was already dead. The name alone remained. The best account I have read is by Captain Liddell Hart in *The Times*, but it cannot infuse life into the later years of this remarkable man. The legends we read of—Secret Service, hair-breadth escapes from daring adventures, great thoughts hinted at in personal letters—were the unconscious tribute of the British public, seldom stirred to flights of imagination, to a great adventurer. They had no background in reality. It was not the case of an extinct volcano. If his genius was already extinct it was because Lawrence was not volcanic, because he had not got that inner motive force which desires and insists upon the effective expression of its power. The external stimulus to externally created opportunity found the hero ready, but for the sombre tasks of peace a very different genius for the creation of opportunity, clear ideas, and a power of unselfish concentration are required. It may seem odd to note a lack of unselfishness in one who was moved by no selfish ambitions, and was utterly contemptuous of money or vulgar success. Yet it is possible that he was, in the ultimate sense, selfish, that he retired from the world not because the world was too much for him, but because he refused to equate himself to the world. He wandered, it seems, in a maze of vast possibilities—spiritual, intellectual, perhaps even, who knows, political—but he could not constrict the range of his imagination within the compass necessary for taking the steps to actual achievement. He waited the call; it came from another world, while this one must go without him. It is much the poorer for his death.

Two Adventurers Contrasted

WHILE writing these lines I was struck by the contrast between Lawrence's career and that of the greatest adventurer of the last century, Louis Napoleon.

On my wall is a photograph of that remarkable man, with an appreciation below it, written in 1839, by Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, father of the famous Viceroy of India and grandfather of the present Lord Lytton. This appreciation was written by Bulwer Lytton in a copy of the life of Julius Cæsar which Louis Napoleon wrote in the years of his exile and presented to Lytton. It was copied out by the second Lord Lytton years afterwards and given by him to my grandfather, Blanchard Jerrold. It is a remarkable prophecy—one of the most remarkable I know, for when it was written Louis Napoleon was a penniless exile—and also a remarkable summary of the gifts required for practical achievement. It runs as follows :—

> " The Book of a very able mind, with few ideas but those ideas bold, large and reducible to vigorous action. Very much depreciated at this day by the critics of a drawing room, Prince Louis Napoleon has qualities that may render him a remarkable man if he ever returns to France.
>
> " Dogged, daring, yet somewhat reserved and close, he can conceive with secrecy and act with promptitude. His faults would come from conceit and rashness. But, akin with these characteristics, are will and enthusiasm. He has them in a high degree. Above all, he has that intense faith in his own destiny, *with* which men rarely fail of achieving something great—*without* which all talent lacks the *mens divinior*."

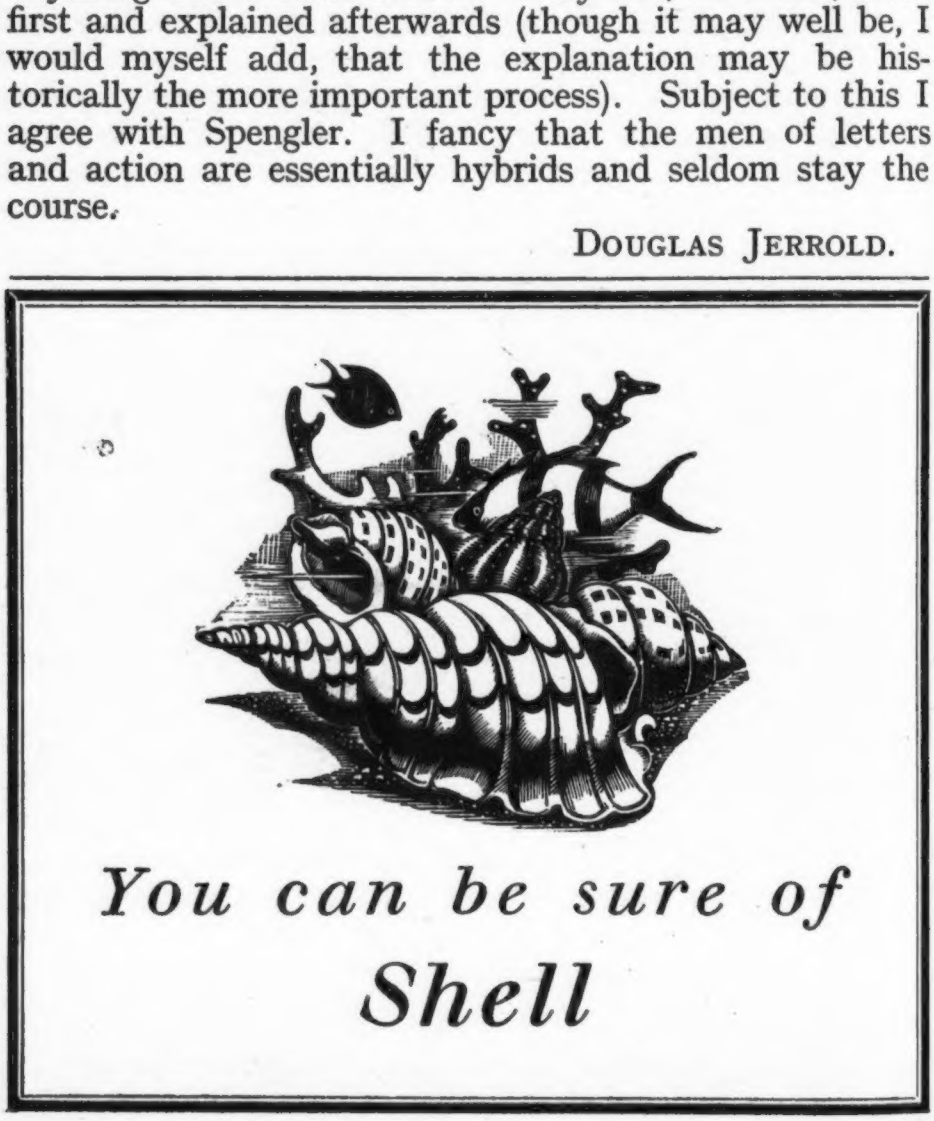
Lawrence had the faith in his own destiny and achieved greatness—in war; but his ideas were not " reducible to vigorous action "—a remarkable phrase, that—nor were they few. An exile from fame, he never regained his brief if brilliant throne.

Literature and Action

LITERATURE will play with his name and deed, as it has done with those of the Chevalier Bayard, Philip Sidney, and General Gordon—a curious assortment united in the fact that the legend immensely outran the achieve-

ment. Literary men detest men of action, because their achievement is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred out of all relation to their intellectual endowments. When once in a while an intellectual figure comes on the stage of history and succeeds in the apparently impossible task of dignifying brilliant personal gifts with the prestige of successful action, the literary mind seizes on him with undue avidity. Oswald Spengler has ventured the theory that no great ideas are ever expressed except in action; they are lived, not written. He would not accept Bulwer, Lytton's compromise—ideas reducible to action—as anything but a second best. They are, he holds, lived first and explained afterwards (though it may well be, I would myself add, that the explanation may be historically the more important process). Subject to this I agree with Spengler. I fancy that the men of letters and action are essentially hybrids and seldom stay the course.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.



China's Opium and Drugs Traffic

By J. O. P. Bland

AT the 18th Session of the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Opium, held May 1934, the American representative, Mr. Stuart J. Fuller, drew attention to the dangerous situation which has arisen out of the vast increase of opium cultivation, and the consequent manufacture of narcotics, in China. He urged his colleagues of the Advisory Committee to face the facts of this situation, which he described as a menace to the world. He drew particular attention to the Chinese Government's recent declaration, which alleged that the cultivation of opium had been strictly prohibited " in accordance with the Opium Suppression Act of 1932, except in certain bandit-infested areas and regions under militarist domination, where raw opium was still produced "; and declared that the impression thus created, of a comparatively limited production, was directly contrary to the facts. The truth of the matter was, that the opium-growing areas now include the greater part of several of the larger provinces, Yünnan, Kueichow, Szechuan, Shensi, Shansi, Kansuh and Jehol; their production, steadily increasing, is at least seven times greater than that of all the rest of the world, a state of affairs which naturally leads to large-scale smuggling and export of the drug. As a result, opium smoking in the United States has lately shown a marked increase. " The American Narcotics Administration," said Mr. Fuller, " views this development with alarm," and looks to the Chinese Government, *which controls the ports concerned in this traffic*, to take effective measures to stop it. He pointed out that two years previously China's representative at the Committee's 16th Session had reported that his Government was investigating the opium traffic and the manufacture of narcotics, with a view to adopting remedial measures; so far, however,

nothing had been heard of the results of this investigation, despite the fact that China is by treaty bound to keep the world informed of the situation within her borders. Detailed information was required, he said, with regard to the provincial monopolies, now established in ten provinces, for supplying opium to addicts; also reliable statements concerning the amount of the revenues derived from these monopolies, which in certain instances are known to constitute a very large proportion of the provinces' financial resources.

In order to understand why it is that China is unable, even if she were willing, to supply the specific information called for by Mr. Fuller, and the reasons which render it most unlikely that either the Advisory Committee or the Permanent Central Opium Board at Geneva will "face the facts," we must cast a retrospective eye over the history of the Chinese Opium question. The importance which has been attached by the League Council to the regulations lately promulgated (December, 1932) by the Chinese Government, with regard to opium and narcotic drugs, would seem to imply a general indifference to this history. People forget that, so far back as 1838, a determined attempt was made by the Emperor and a few high-minded officials to put an end to the traffic, but that, as Morse observes, it failed, like others which had gone before, because its success was "rendered impossible through the active connivance of every Chinese official who came into touch with the traffic." Prohibition failed then, as it fails to-day, because as Pearl Buck says, "public opinion in China approves that each family is expected to care for its own. As yet it would be considered a serious lapse on the part of an individual if he let his family suffer in order to serve the State more honestly."

The anti-opium movement which led to the issue of the famous Edict of November, 1906, was instigated by Tang Shao-yi, a progressive western-educated Cantonese then holding high office at Peking and now one of the

Elder Statesmen of the Republic. It was one of several manifestations of Young China's newly-awakened sense of inferiority, inspired by Japan's victory over Russia. The Edict provided for a complete cessation of all poppy cultivation within ten years, for drastic restrictions on opium smoking under licence, and for a gradual reduction in the import of foreign opium, to be completely stopped in ten years. Dr. Morrison, the famous *Times* correspondent at Peking, described the regulations imposed by this Edict as " the most masterly State document issued in China for many years, leaving no loophole for evasion." Public opinion in England and the United States, led by the missionary societies, was warmly sympathetic and generally hopeful of good results. By the Anglo-Chinese Opium Convention of 1907, Great Britain agreed to the gradual abolition of the Indian trade, *pari passu* with the cessation of poppy growing in China, the first three years to be experimental and a test of the Chinese Government's good faith and effective authority. By 1910 the reduction effected in cultivation was generally estimated at 25 per cent., thus demonstrating once again the readiness of the Chinese people to submit to constituted authority, firmly administered and morally justifiable. The abolition movement appealed to the instinctive morality of the masses, and its initial success reflected the people's belief in the sincerity of the Government's intentions.

With a view to controlling and limiting the importation of foreign opium, the first International Conference was held at Shanghai in February, 1909, the American Bishop Brent presiding. The Conference, recording its belief in " the unswerving sincerity of the Government of China in their efforts to eradicate the production and consumption of opium throughout the Empire," urged the adoption of international regulations calculated to assist China in her declared purpose. In May, 1911, the British Government concluded another agreement with China, in which continued co-operation towards the complete cessation of the opium traffic was assured, and

it was agreed, *inter alia*, that Indian opium should not be conveyed into any province of China in which native opium had been completely suppressed. A second international Conference was held at the Hague in January, 1912, twelve nations being represented; the Powers concerned there pledged themselves to co-operate in regulating the production and distribution of opium and the trade in narcotic drugs, and in preventing the smuggling thereof into China.

What the ultimate results of the anti-opium movement might have been had the Manchu Government not been overthrown by the Revolution of 1911, is matter for surmise. After the revolution, Young China, greatly stimulated by the declaration of the Republic, took to itself all the credit for the great improvement which had been recorded in 1909–1910, and Sun Yat-sen was profuse with promises of drastic measures for the complete abolition of poppy cultivation; but these promises were accompanied by a violent agitation for an immediate and complete cessation of the Indian trade, which by Treaty was a matter dependent solely upon China's own remedial measures and good faith. It was not long before the attitude of the Republican leaders, and the fact that several provinces were openly resuming the cultivation of opium, justified serious doubts as to their sincerity of purpose, and, as a writer in *The Times* observed, foreshadowed "the establishment of a monopoly in the hands of a class which in all our national experience, has been wont to put money before righteousness and expediency before good faith." By the end of 1911 it was manifest that the chief motive underlying the agitation against the Indian trade lay in the desire of the new régime to establish a lucrative monopoly in the handling of the native drug.

When, after the Great War, the world's attention was again drawn to China, the anti-opium movement, in so far as poppy cultivation was concerned, had become a dead letter. When visiting Peking in 1920 I found that

the traffic in opium had been diverted into new ways, but it was quite unconcealed, and vastly profitable to the authorities concerned. The old opium shops had been suppressed, and the fact loudly proclaimed abroad, but business in the drug was still briskly conducted (as it is to-day) by the agents and myrmidons of military and civil officials. As a moral crusade the opium movement was dead, but as a political instrument it continued to have its uses. Just as formerly Young China, encouraged by the anti-opium and missionary societies, used to declare that China could and would abolish opium completely, if only the Indian trade were stopped, so, after the war they declared that the chief obstacle to this reform lay in the limitation of China's right to tariff autonomy. When this had been successfully negotiated they endeavoured, by a widely-conducted campaign of propaganda in America and England, to convince a sympathetic world that China could not be expected to suppress the opium and morphia trade until the " Unequal Treaties " and the foreigners' extra-territorial privileges had been abolished. To those who know China the idea that the abolition of extra-territoriality would put an end to opium cultivation, is grimly humorous.

So much for the past. But the present situation is far more serious for the reason that to the enormous increase of opium production by China, must be added the large-scale manufacture in that country of morphia and heroin, and a rapidly increasing traffic in these drugs, not only in China, but for purposes of export, especially to America. In other words, China's opium trade has become an international problem. Since the establishment of the Nationalist Government at Nanking under Chiang Kai-shek, seven years ago, the world has been continually assured by China's diplomatic agents abroad, most notably at Geneva, of the sincerity of their Government's efforts to abolish opium cultivation and smoking; but the fact remains, incontestable, that the opium traffic has become a major source of officialdom's revenues,

encouraged and protected in practically every province. The China Year Book for 1931 contains a summary, compiled from the reports of resident missionaries, which shows conclusively that the assurances to the League of Nations by the Chinese Government's representatives, its pious resolutions and exhaustive regulations, are worthless. The plain truth of the matter is that China is now responsible for nine-tenths of the world's opium production, and that the poppy is grown, not only with the connivance of the officials, but often by their orders.

On the eve of the meeting of the Advisory Committee on Opium at Geneva in January, 1931, the Chinese Minister for Foreign Affairs announced at Nanking that his Government had issued new regulations for the inspection of poppy-growing areas by District Magistrates, and for the imposition of fines. It has since been repeatedly shown, however, that these " fines " are regularly levied by the authorities on cultivation which is frequently compulsory. A report from one province alone (Kueichow), published by the *North China Herald* in May, 1932, showed that 70 to 80 per cent. of the districts visited by the writer were openly growing opium under this system of " fines." The accumulating evidence of the cynical insincerity of the Chinese Government is continually accompanied, as in the past, by complaints that its earnest efforts at reform are being frustrated by the action of foreign Powers. At a meeting of the Advisory Committee at Geneva in February, 1931, the Chinese delegate (Dr. C. T. Wang) professed to deplore the fact that foreigners in China were engaged in the illicit drug traffic, and endeavoured to concentrate attention on this admittedly deplorable result of the lawless condition of the country. He then proceeded to appeal to those foreign governments which have colonies in the Far East to desist from raising revenue therein from monopolies for opium smoking. In all seriousness he asked the Committee to believe that his Government is unable " to bring relief to the thousands of opium smokers in these

colonies" so long as these monopolies continued to exist. He therefore urged the powers concerned "to make a real sacrifice and to co-operate with China in the fullest measure."

Until quite recently the attitude of Geneva towards China in this matter of opium has been one of credulous complaisance, an attitude imposed, no doubt, by the League's unwillingness to face the fact that, so long as wholesale cultivation continues, and so long as China declines to sanction any international inquiries, its own activities must continue to be purely face-saving and futile. But at the 18th Session of the Advisory Committee last May the American delegate, Mr. Fuller, introduced a new note into the proceedings, by submitting the critical survey of the situation in China and Manchuria, to which I referred at the beginning of this article. Space does not permit of more than a few brief extracts from this survey, but the whole document (published in the League's official report of the 18th Session) deserves serious attention.

According to the information submitted by Mr. Fuller, the official estimate of China's total production of opium in 1930 was 12,000 tons, as against a total of 1,770 tons for all the rest of the world; since that date the output has greatly increased. Mr. Fuller described this state of affairs as "a menace to the world which should no longer be tolerated." He reminded the Committee that one of the principal conclusions at which it had arrived, was that "the accumulation anywhere of large quantities of opium, or of opium derivatives, inevitably leads to an increase of addiction, not only in the country where such accumulation is found, but also in other countries to which the drugs can be smuggled." Speaking for America alone, he declared that the traffic in opium from China to the United States is materially increasing, together with a marked recrudescence of opium-smoking. On behalf of the American people, he voiced a plea that China should resolutely take the matter in hand. "The

situation is too serious," he said, " to await a long investigation and the drafting and adoption of new laws. The existing laws provide the necessary powers; why not enforce them, before the situation is completely out of control? It is not long-drawn-out investigation or new legislation that the situation calls for; it is action, and the world now looks to China for such action." He ended by expressing the hope that " the Chinese Government would come to the aid of the friends of China by undertaking at once such police measures as are necessary to stop this flood of opium and the growing production of morphine and heroin."

The Chinese delegate, Dr. Hoo Chi-tsai, while admitting the seriousness of the situation, regretted that he was not in a position to announce any improvement with regard to narcotics; he then proceeded to create the usual diversion by ascribing China's inability to cope with the evil, to causes of foreign origin beyond her control. " So long as the heavy clouds on the political horizon of the Far East have not been dispelled," he said, " it is impossible for the Chinese Government to devote to the question of narcotics all the attention which its solution requires. The problem of opium will only cease to exist when the political situation has been cleared up." He drew another red herring across the line of inquiry by asking the Committee to adopt a resolution, requesting those Governments which possess extra-territorial rights in China, to deport all their nationals who have there taken part in the illicit manufacture of drugs, and to withdraw their protection from all coasting or river trading vessels in Chinese waters which are employed continuously in the illicit drug traffic, imposing heavy fines on such vessels.

The Chinese delegate, it will be observed, was wholly unconcerned with the only important facts of the situation, namely (1) that China's enormous output of raw opium is produced, and marketed, under the protection, and often by the orders, of the provincial and military

authorities, and (2) that it is this opium which, either under licence or by smuggling, supplies the drug consumed by the Chinese communities in the foreign colonies of the Far East, and provides the raw material for the native morphine factories. Mr. Lyall, Chairman of the Permanent Opium Board at Geneva (always a keen apologist for the Chinese Government), stated, in reply to Mr. Fuller, that the provinces which grew the most opium, Yünnan and Szechuan, had also the greatest number of illicit factories, and that "the situation in these provinces was not under the control of the Nanking Government." He supplemented this remarkable admission (which stultifies China's claim to be a united, organized State), by observing that the most practical suggestion which had been made for bringing these two provinces under the Central Government's authority, and thus enabling it to deal with the problem of morphine and heroin, was "that the League should assist the Chinese Government in restoring prosperity in agriculture, in building roads, in introducing health measures, and in education." In other words, he proposed that a situation which the American delegate has rightly described as a menace to the whole world, should be allowed to continue, undisturbed, pending the leisurely introduction of social and economic reforms throughout a lawless and inaccessible region as large as France and Germany put together. It would be difficult to cite a more typical instance of the smoke-screen tactics employed by and on behalf of the Chinese Government at Geneva, or to convey a better idea of the atmosphere of insincerity which has hitherto confused and concealed the facts which the American delegate now implores the Committee to face.

In regard to the Chinese delegate's specific proposal that heavy fines should be levied upon foreign vessels carrying opium, the following extracts from an article published by the *Shanghai Evening Post* on June 2, 1934, will enable the reader to form an idea of the spirit in

which that proposal was made. The article is from the pen of Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, editor of "Oriental Affairs":—

> "It seems time," he wrote, "that the hypocrisy with which discussion of the opium problem in China is always enshrouded, was dispelled. Let us take but a single instance, the proposed levying of vindictive fines on foreign vessels carrying the drug. Is the Chinese delegate at Geneva unaware that on the river steamers from Shanghai to Chungking it is as much as a foreign officer's life is worth to interfere with opium smugglers, and that the Chinese authorities have been forced to the conclusion that a similar discretion is desirable unless they court violent deaths? Does he not know that armed fights have been staged, even in Shanghai, between Government troops and police, for the possession of cargoes of opium and the control of a morphine factory? Is he ignorant of the fact that less than a year ago a whole shipload of Persian opium was imported direct from Bushire on a steamer flying the Chinese flag, and that the cargo was landed in launches escorted by officers of the Bureau of Public Safety? Does he not know that as soon as the French Concession authorities made a 'clean-up' of the opium dens and sales-shops, they were removed to Nantsao, and thenceforth sold their wares in packages bearing a uniform (monopoly) stamp?"

How rapid has been the recent growth of this world menace the reader may gather from another important statement made by Mr. Fuller before the Advisory Committee in regard to China's increasing importations of acid acetic anhydride, a substance whose only use in China consists in the manufacture of heroin. Mr. Fuller stated that for the last two years it had been imported in quantities which afford ground for serious apprehension. Whereas the supply of heroin required for the whole world's medical purposes is estimated at one and a half tons per annum, present indications point to the manufacture *every month* in China, from the importations of acid acetic anhydride passing through Shanghai alone, of an amount equal to the whole world's medical needs for a year. At the same time the Customs returns show that the importations of caffeine have increased from an

average of 60 kilos to 60 tons per annum. Small wonder then that the number of addicts are to be counted in millions, and that those who know the facts regard this new peril as something far more serious than civil wars, banditry or foreign invasions, inasmuch as it threatens the very existence of the Chinese people. It certainly constitutes a danger more formidable than the cultivation and smoking of opium, for a man may smoke his pipe unto a ripe old age and be little or none the worse, but he who becomes addicted to morphine or heroin, is doomed.

The American delegate at Geneva deserves the thanks of the civilized world, if only because he has shattered the delusion, hitherto prevalent at Geneva, that in the matter of opium and the drug traffic China is more sinned against than sinning. It remains to be seen whether the collective intelligence and benevolent activities represented by the League of Nations, discarding sentimental irresponsibility, will bring such moral pressure to bear upon the Chinese Government, ever anxious to save its political "face," that it may be persuaded to take resolute steps to put an end to the manufacture and traffic of narcotic drugs.

50TH YEAR

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John Fisher

By G. C. Heseltine

AMONG those rare men who had the virtues of the Renaissance without its vices, none are more worthy of remembrance to-day than John Fisher of Beverley, who was executed four centuries ago, on June 22, 1535, by "that noble and vertuous prince" known affectionately to modern Englishmen as Bluff King Hal. The matter of conscience for which Fisher died involved not the slightest peril to the safety and good estate of the king or the realm. Whatever power of life and death may be vested in princes, it is never absolute and unconditioned. Fisher deserved well of his king and his country, he deserved to keep both his life and his conscience intact.

In that his life bridged the change from the old mediæval order in England to the beginning of a new social order, Fisher inherited the best that was in the old and bequeathed it with improvement for the leavening of the new. Where others destroyed the old order and set in motion new forces of uncertain behaviour, without regard to whether they resolved into a new order or disorder, Fisher preserved the foundations of order. Whatever view we take of Fisher's final stand, whether he was mistaken or not in the particular point to which he held unto death, he did take his stand upon a long tested and established moral basis; whereas those who established a new oligarchy upon the Devastation of the old ecclesiastical system, however corrupt that may have been, did so arbitrarily, without precedent, without even the deliberate planning of a progressive experiment. They acted on what can only be described, in the most generous terms, as a basis of expediency. Hence the modern system of Government by expediency in place of government by justice. The only criterion of modern legislation is its capacity to serve its immediate purpose. We ask, "will it work?" without considering "is it

just?" That is why we are living from hand to mouth, morally, socially, and economically.

Beverley, where Fisher was born, was a typical mediæval town embodying the best of mediæval culture. The art in its buildings remains a living witness. A sound education was available to the children of Robert Fisher, mercer. His son John was born in 1469, in the disordered period between the battles of Towton and Tewkesbury. This date of birth, by the way, long uncertain, has recently been fixed by the discovery at Rome of Fisher's application for ordination before the canonical age, he being then twenty-two and the date 1491. From the local Grammar School he went, by the natural course, to Cambridge, where he was Master in Grammar at fourteen. He proceeded, Master of Arts in 1491, Fellow of his college—Michael House, Proctor in 1495, Master of Michael House 1497, Doctor of Divinity and Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1501, and in the following year he was Chaplain and Confessor to Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of the King Henry VII.

It was by Dr. Fisher's advice that the Countess endowed the Lady Margaret Divinity foundations at Cambridge and Oxford, he being appointed the first Reader at Cambridge, on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1503. He had already begun his important work for education and the reformation of the Church from the state into which it had fallen during the disorders of the preceding century. The vital educational work of preaching being badly neglected, he procured from the Pope in 1501 authority for the University to license preachers throughout the kingdom, so that they could preach in dioceses where bishops cared or not. In this connection he preached what he practised, and his sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms, delivered in his cathedral church of Rochester soon after his elevation, are masterpieces of forcible sound English, and profound scholarship. They are, moreover, amongst the

first, if not the first, sermons to be printed in the vernacular in Europe, an indication of Fisher's enlightened and progressive mind.

In 1504 he reached the dignity of Chancellor of the University, to which office he was re-elected annually for ten years. He then suggested to the University the wisdom of offering the office to Wolsey, Bishop of Lincoln and the King's right hand man, but on Wolsey's declining, the University re-elected Fisher for life, an unprecedented honour. In this same year, 1504, he received the Bishopric of Rochester, the poorest in the kingdom, normally a stepping-stone. But he never so regarded it. He declined the richer sees he might have had (those were nearly all that Wolsey did not want, for Fisher stood very high in the esteem of the young king) having in mind the dictum of S. Paul that a bishop should be the husband of one wife. He would not desert his poor old wife, he said, for the richest widow in England.

It is worth noting, as bearing on the state of the Church at this time, that in the correspondence between Henry VII and his mother on the subject of Fisher's appointment, the King observes that he had promoted many worldly men to bishoprics unadvisedly, and that it would be something of a novelty, and better for his conscience, to promote a man of Fisher's calibre, " for none other cause but for the great and singular virtue that I know and see in him, as well in knowledge and natural wisdom, and especially for his good and virtuous living and conversation. . . ."

As Bishop, Fisher pursued a vigorous policy of reformation of the clergy and religious houses in his diocese, and he was personally active in preaching and caring for the poor and sick. He much begrudged the time and money he had to spend in connection with court functions and attendance on the King and on the Convocations held by Wolsey—more for that prelate's vanity and ostentation, as he boldly declared, than for any good they were meant to do. Fisher's Yorkshire

quality of forthright outspokenness is constantly apparent. It got him into disfavour with Wolsey and later with the King, to no small tune, but it was all the same to Fisher. In Convocation he was vigorous in his criticism of clerical shortcomings, but he was equally vigorous in criticism of the Commons when they proposed to interfere in that matter. It is significant of the position he held that when he was absent from Convocation important decisions were suspended until a deputation had waited on him and obtained his opinion.

Concurrently with his labours in his own diocese, his work in the government of the Church and the State (he was of the privy council of both Henry VII and Henry VIII), John Fisher was most active in the affairs of his University. In 1505 he was chosen President of Queen's College, to which he invited Erasmus. That scholar, by the Bishop's patronage, held the Lady Margaret Divinity Readership from 1511–1515, and he was the first Professor of Greek at the University. Small wonder that "the University of Cambridge under the government of the Bishop of Rochester, flourished with all kinds of ornaments" and "in divinity disputations, instead of sophistical arguings, there were now sober and sound ones used, whereby they who were present at them were made not only more learned but better men."

This was true Reformation, that involved no violence, no pillage, no vandalism, no hangings, quarterings, burnings or beheadings. But one at least who sat under Fisher at this time was not satisfied with it, the young man who was wont to call Fisher his father and to boast of him that no other prince or kingdom had so distinguished a prelate. His name was Henry Tudor. Also at Queen's College was a man who did Fisher more credit, William Peto, later Cardinal, who after giving Henry, by the grace of God, a sound talking to for the good of his soul on Easter Day, 1532, was threatened with drowning

in a sack in the Thames by Thomas Cromwell, the King's bloodhound, and he made the reply that since the way to Heaven was as short by water as by land, he cared not which way he went.

The chief monuments to Fisher's broad educational zeal that are left to us are Christ's College and St. John's College, both founded by Lady Margaret at the Bishop's instance, and both established solely by the Bishop's sagacity and perseverance. For they would have been lost to us, in the squabbles over her will, had not Fisher protected them and further endowed them himself. Christ's College, founded on the remains of a decayed Maison Dieu of Henry VI, was provided for a master, twelve fellows and forty-seven scholars, and the Bishop of Rochester was made Life-Visitor. At the official commencement, *coram Rege*, in 1506, even Henry VII surnamed Skinflint, treated the whole University.

The founding of St. John's College was more troublesome. It was provided for in a codicil to the Lady Margaret's will, and she died before the codicil was sealed. The consent of the Bishop of Ely, the Pope and the King had to be obtained for the dissolution of the abandoned Hospital of St. John as part of the foundation. The Bishop of Ely temporized, the Pope's permit contained a legal flaw and had to be re-obtained, and the King died before giving consent. Then there was difficulty over the licence of mortmain, and my Lady's servants fought the codicil in their own interests, succeeding so far as to cause great expense and delay, and some loss to the college; and the Crown, in course of the legal processes, saw a chance of pickings also. With the final result that but for the Bishop's obtaining the endowments of some small religious houses which he dissolved (in one there remained a Prioress and four nuns, two being with child), and adding his own generous benefactions, the college had not been born. This again, was true Reformation; but the devastators of the monasteries took it as a precedent, and some of their

spiritual successors have not hesitated to call it sacrilegious robbery of the Church.

Fisher was responsible for the statutes of St. John's College, and he founded out of his own estate four fellowships and two scholarships, three of the fellows and the two scholars to be of his native County of York, whence St. John's is especially a Yorkshireman's college to this day. He gave a chapel (for his own burial), plate, vestments, and his library, though his disfavour and death diverted these to the King. It is significant, as showing Fisher's broad educational view, that four examinerships he founded were in Humanity, Logic, Mathematics and Philosophy, and his two lectureships in Hebrew and Greek. He himself, despite the extent of his labours and his age, commenced the study of Greek in 1516.

As a controversialist he wrote with great force and pungency, so much so that he was at times a little too strong for the scholar-mind of his friend Erasmus. Polemics, exegesis, and devotional works cover the scope of his writings, and in all these fields he showed sound scholarship. His Latin style was pure, his English vivid, concise and forcible. He is reputed to have had a hand in Henry's reply to Luther, which gained the King the title of "Fidei Defensor," so cherished by our monarchs. He certainly wrote later, in 1523, a "confutation of the Lutheran Assertion," and a "Defence of the Sacred Priesthood" against Luther (recently reprinted). He was held by many to be beyond question, the most learned of those who wrote against Luther.

As for the general reputation of John Fisher among his contemporaries, it was as good as it was various. The opinion of Henry VII, when he promoted him, we have given. Cavendish, who was Wolsey's man, and therefore not likely to err on the generous side, describing the scene at the divorce trial, calls him "a very godly and devout person." Erasmus, whose opinion the enlightened reader will not underrate, writes: "Either I am greatly mistaken, or Fisher is a man with whom none in our time

can be compared either for holiness of life or greatness of soul"; he excepted Warham of Canterbury, and in many other places he pays tribute to Fisher's character. Eustache Chapuys, ambassador of Charles V, calls him "the paragon of Christian prelates, both for learning and holiness." But Chapuys and his master were on Queen Catherine's side, whom Fisher defended. Then let us hear the Ambassador of the French King, Charles' enemy: "The Bishop of Rochester, who is accounted one of the best and most holy divines in England." And Campeggio's secretary, writing to Rome says, "As this man is a man of good fame, the King can no longer persist in dissolving the marriage; for this man being adverse to it, the Kingdom will not permit the Queen to suffer wrong." He was mistaken as to what the kingdom would permit, for he did not understand the English people, who will submit to anything so long as they can sing "Rule, Britannia!" Henry VIII had only to cry "Wolf!" or "Pope!" and he could do anything—as he did. He cut off John Fisher's head.

But the ambassador was right about the veneration in which the people held the Bishop of Rochester. They were almost as fond of him as was the King, who revered him as a father, fought side by side with him against Luther, boasted of him to everybody, leaned on his counsel—until the Bishop disapproved of his immoral liaison with his wife's waiting woman, Anne Boleyn. From that disapproval, in 1527, Fisher steadily became more hateful to the King. And the King, knowing in what esteem the Bishop was held by the people, who had sympathy also with the suffering Queen, at first feared him and what he might say.

Henry began to intimidate the Bishop by rebuking him for his outspoken words against the Commons when they meddled in Church matters. In 1529 in the Hall of Blackfriars at the divorce trial before the papal legates, Fisher withstood the king and all his subject hierarchy. The rest of the Bishops had agreed to the

King's wishes, and the Archbishop included Fisher amongst them. So Fisher spoke up, "No, sir, not I; you have not my consent thereto!"

This resistance to the King, in the matter of putting away Queen Catherine, Fisher maintained without wavering. In 1531 there was an attempt to poison him, but only his household suffered, and the indignant King had the poisoner boiled. He did not like poisoners about the place. Then somebody put a cannon-ball through the Bishop's roof—it was alleged to come from the direction of the house of Anne's father. So the Bishop went away for the good of his health.

Early in 1532 a session of Parliament was held, to which Tunstall of Durham and Fisher were not called. Fisher attended, nevertheless, to speak his mind. In May of the same year, because the clergy in convocation sent to consult the Bishop, who was absent, on the Act known as the Submission of the Clergy, the King declared that they were "but half his subjects." Soon afterwards the Bishop preached against the divorce so that, as an ambassador wrote home, he "shut the mouths of those who spoke in the King's favour."

In the Parliament session of 1533 Fisher and two others were excused, and their proctors named by the King. But he was in his place as usual and spoke vigorously against an anti-papal Act aimed at the matter of the divorce. When Cranmer, consecrated on March 30 the same year, assembled Convocation to declare on the divorce, "no one dared open his mouth to contradict except the Bishop of Rochester." On April 6 Fisher was arrested and committed to the care of the Bishop of Winchester, Gardiner. Six days later Cranmer declared the marriage with Catherine invalid, and on May 28 the secret marriage (in January) with Anne, valid. On June 1 Anne was crowned Queen of England. On the 13th John Fisher was released. Evidently Henry still feared him and what he might say on such occasions.

The King made the Bishop's innocent communcations

of inquiry with the Nun of Kent, whose "visions" were dangerously pro-Catherine and against Henry and Wolsey, the excuse for having him attainted and heavily fined. "Which favour," says a biographer solemnly, "was obtained for him by the mediation and intercession of the new Queen." And Froude says, equally solemnly, "Fisher found mercy thrust upon him." This happened in March, 1534. A month later he was in prison on another count, and for the last time.

The Act legitimizing the issue of Henry and Anne, and limiting the succession to that issue, included the exaction of an oath to observe and defend it. But the terms of that oath were not defined. When they were later defined by Commissioners including Audley, Cranmer and Cromwell, they carried a preamble renouncing the authority of the Pope (as a foreign prince), and repudiating any oaths made to him. Since this covered the Bishop's consecration oath, he refused it. He would swear, he said, to the part concerning the succession, for the King and Parliament might order that as they thought fit; but as for the rest, "that forasmuch as my own conscience cannot be satisfied, I do absolutely refuse the oath."

For his offence thus far, legally misprision of treason, the punishment was forfeiture and imprisonment. Cranmer, Archbishop that he was, suggested allowing Fisher and More to swear to the succession only and keep the omission dark, so that the public, thinking they had taken the whole oath, would be quieted and follow this faked example. Neither Fisher nor More would be likely to be party to that sort of procedure. As it happened they were not asked, for Cromwell demanded the whole oath for the King.

Fisher was not, so far, tried and condemned, but imprisoned under an Act of Attainder passed seven months after he was committed to the Tower, and made retrospective. In law he had a good case on the ground that the oath was not in accordance with the Act under which it was tendered.

In the Bell Tower the Bishop suffered severely, being sick (probably of consumption), infirm, and improperly fed and clothed. Nor was he left to suffer in peace. He was pestered by Bishops from the King, even his friend Tunstall of Durham, to persuade him to yield as they had all yielded. Then they tried to shake him by telling him (what was not true), that More had yielded. He remained firm and calm and in good humour. He wrote for his sister, a Dominican nun, "A Spiritual Consolation" and "The Ways of Perfect Religion," and a little treatise on prayer.

The Act of Supremacy was passed, to speak against which was high treason. Thomas Cromwell and privy councillors called on the Bishop for his opinion, but they did not, apparently, get all that they sought. Mr. Solicitor-General, Rich the Perjurer, was sent to ask him about it *confidentially, for the better satisfaction of the King's conscience,* assuring him that the King had promised "*on his honour and on the word of a King, that he should be in no peril from his answer whatever it might be.*" His answer was used in evidence against him at his subsequent trial.

Pope Paul III made the prisoner a Cardinal, perhaps hoping to save his life, perhaps (as he said) because he wanted Fisher to represent England on the forthcoming Council.

It was of no avail for Fisher to plead, when he was tried before the King's Bench and a packed common jury in Westminster Hall on June 17, 1535, that he should have the favour of the King's promise, and of the wording of the Statute, in that he did not *maliciously* gainsay the King's supremacy in spiritual matters. He was sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered in the customary manner—which sentence was commuted by his merciful King to beheading, a favour he hoped his friends would never need to ask.

Early on Midsummer Day, 1535, they roused John Fisher to tell him he must die at nine o'clock. He turned

over to sleep soundly for a couple of hours more. On being awakened again he dressed himself in clean linen, wrapped his tippet carefully round his neck, and proceeded, partly carried for infirmity, to the block on Tower Hill.

His murder shocked Europe, when men were not very soft about these things. Also, it shook his brother bishops and clergy in their inconstancy. Tunstall, notably, lived to suffer death in prison for relenting his lack of John Fisher's courage.

Whatever our view of the controversial aspects of his case, Fisher faces us as a man. Look at his friends, at their worst, More, Erasmus, Tunstall, Colet, Linacre, Grocyn, and look at his enemies, at their best, Audley, Cromwell, Rich, the Rochfords, Anne Boleyn, and hearty King Harry and all.

Froude, to whom we are indebted for so much of the spirit of the histories on which modern England has been nurtured, had no doubt at all about John Fisher. To Froude he was " a miserable old coward and a shuffler " who " found mercy thrust upon him, till by fresh provocation the miserable old man forced himself upon his fate." And he is supported by the authority of a no less godly and learned divine than Dr. Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff, to whom Fisher was " this paptistical old driveller and impostor, with an eye only to his purse and his belly."

Nevertheless, perhaps it is progress, we appear to be a little wiser in our generation—wise enough, if we may judge from the public interest in his canonization, at least to feel that though he be a Saint in Rome he is no less a Man at home.

Diffugere Nives

By Kenneth Hare

NOW shorter is the night,
The snow drips from the pine,
And in the clearer light,
The melting brooks design
A lyric crystalline.

Doth she whom your soul loves
Look homeward toward our leas,
Where through Hesperian groves
Of lamp-bright orange trees,
She views the charméd seas?

And will she soon be seen?
Even here, Oh, Heart, she will!
When Spring in garland green,
Walks forth from hill to hill,
To strow the daffodil!

W. B. Yeats

By Seán O'Faoláin.

" The statues of Mausolus and Artemesia at the British Museum, private, half-animal, half-divine . . . . became images of an unpremeditated joyous energy that neither I nor any man, racked of doubt and enquiry, can achieve, and that yet, if once achieved, might seem to men and women of Connemara or Galway, their very soul."

In " Four Years," i.e. 1887–1891. Collected Edition, p. 185–6.

" We were the last romantics, chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness.
Whatever written in what poet's name
The book of the people . . . .
But all is changed, that high horse riderless. . . ."

In " The Winding Stair and Other Poems," 1933. Collected Poems p. 276.

I.

THAT conflict and that desire is all over Yeats from his childhood on. It is part of him, as it was part of his father John Yeats, before him—a desire for " the abounding glittering jet," and a conflict with everything that in disintegrating the soul—character, intellect, speculation—prevents spontaneous and instinctive vision.

" It is always to the Condition of Fire where emotion is not brought to any sudden stop, where there is neither wall nor gate, that we would rise," he said in " Per Amica Silentia Lunæ," and we remember that Luna means to him the occult way to all generation, as on his ring the butterfly contrasts with the hawk which is the straight road of logic for which he has small liking. But then he goes on :—

" When I remember that Shelley calls our minds ' mirrors of the fire for which all thirst,' I cannot but ask the question, as all have asked, ' What or who has cracked the mirror.' I begin to study the only self that I know, myself, and to wind the thread upon the perne again."

He wishes the condition of fire, and he begins therefore to speculate on himself !

So, from the beginning to the end he winds and unwinds his thread, out and in, from his isolated self—"for triumph can but mar our solitude"—out to the triumph of the world, and back from all human preoccupations, even the preoccupations of sexual desire or patriotic avocations, into his own bowel. "Innocence!" he seems to cry. "Where shall I find innocence again? Hero and saint and fool have had it. But not I—The Janus poet—caught between two shapes of myself."

For Yeats has never been content to be a merely lyric poet; he has been trying always to purify himself, as a saint might, to reach that condition of fire in which the Holy Ghost would light upon him and he speaks in divers tongues the wonders of God. For no other reason, I feel, was he so much attracted by Shelley, as a young man, than because he felt that the Intellectual Beauty contained all beauty; to the hocus-pocus of Blavatsky, but because he felt her spirits, allied to the faery world of Sligo would link him with the Great Memory that contains all truth; to Blake but because his Divine Passion kills the reason and generates the imagination which is the "first emanation of divinity"; to Symbolism, but because it "entangles a part of the Divine essence." So his loyalties are the passionate man, the imaginative man, the man fused into an unity with himself and with Being by a traditional faith or a mood or an ecstacy, until his characteristics fall away and his naked personality becomes more symbol than man, an Alastor, an Axel, a Manfred, an Ahasuerus, "half-animal, half-divine."

It is a romantic's desire, a Celt's reaching out for the Star of Indefinite Desire. And in a world which had long since broken down into fragments from a condition of common faith and common hope, it led him, in Ireland, where common faiths and hopes still existed, to a dream of creating a new Prometheus Unbound, with Columcille or Patrick for Prometheus, and Croagh Patrick or Ben Bulben for the Caucasus. Then at last life might become whole again and he, as part of that wholeness, see "artist

and poet, craftsman and day-labourer " accept a common design.

Life, and particularly life in so poor a country as Ireland, had other ambitions, however, and yet she seduced him from his heights. He came, sadly, though I think, prematurely, to confess his folly. " That a modern nation can return to Unity of Culture is false; though it may be we can achieve it for some small circle of men and women and these leave it till the moon bring round its century." He left his plays and his committees—" a curse on plays "—that had kept him busy from 1902 to 1912, and he returned to a deeper and more persistent study of this matter of Unity of Being. But he who had betrayed the Intellectual Beauty and the Divine Passion, spent nearly fifteen years in cleansing himself for readmission to the temple. " The Wild Swans at Coole " (1919), is the mark of his return to the fold, and no study of the essential Yeats but must begin at that date, or somewhat before, for the reasons implicit in what I have said about these secret and deepest desires of his heart.

2.

One may attempt to trace this in his poetry, keeping to his poems alone; but sooner or later one comes on this internal conflict, and is obliged to declare that though much of it is more personal to the man than to the poet, it is, from 1900 on, more and more essential to him *as artist.*

What had been his course before, roughly, 1912, as seen in his verse? He had begun in the Ivory Tower, and his genius made of it " The Wanderings of Oisin." But he needed more than that, and needed to enlarge his personal world to do more than that. He was interested in the occult from, at least, '85, in Blake and Symbolism from '90—though he did not meet Verlaine until '94, and Symons probably not until about '96; but symbolism was at its height, in any case, from 1890 to, say, 1910. Had it not been for Ireland he might have petered out

(or come sooner up against himself) with the petering out of the shallow inspiration of the Yellow Book period, or the exhaustion of the symbolist impulse. "The Wind among the Reeds," 1899, marks, in fact, the last wine he sucked from the symbolist flagons, and he had exhausted even Ireland—in so far as it meant only the Celtic Twilight kind of thing—by 1900. Then he got new lease of life from Ireland, and was vitalized by Synge and the theatre, so that we find him by 1903 saying that he is trying to put a "less dream-burdened will" into his work, and by 1906, driving out of his cocoon of self, delighting in "the whole man, blood, intellect and imagination running together." It was as if his will then said to him: "Well, are you always going to be just a lovely lyric poet? Finding stimulus here, there and everywhere, from Florence Farr and the psaltery, or theosophical maunderings about the Infinite, or spooks in Soho? When are you going to make something out of your own guts?"

He did not need to reply. He was come, by the very act of leaving his own self behind, into this conflict of which I have spoken; found his naked personal self engaged in a war with his anti-self. He had gone too far. Bitterly he reveals it in "The Green Helmet," a slim volume that is all he can show of verse for the six years before 1910, where he rails at all that has been distracting him, the day's war, plays, management of men; he is still railing in "Responsibilities" four years later, at the nationalists, the realists, the haters, the miserly Paudeens, the men who damned the "Playboy," and who would not help Hugh Lane, and who not only embittered him and wasted his time, but stole him from the Eternal Beauty. He is eager, it is clear, to fly back to the Ivory Tower. But there is the crux; other selves have been born within him in the meantime, shell within shell, and whether he knew it or not that twin and triplet birth was to bring him his finest verse of all. For, after all, conflict *is* "spontaneous energy," and breeds without thought.

So he wrote in 1916:

I would be ignorant as the dawn,
That has looked down
On that old queen measuring a town
With the pin of a brooch,
Or on the withered men that saw
From their pedantic Babylon
The careless planets in their courses,
The stars fade out where the moon comes,
And took their tablets and did sums;
I would be ignorant as the dawn
That merely stood, rocking the glittering coach
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses;
I would be—for no knowledge is worth a straw—
Ignorant and wanton as the dawn.

It is an Elegy for Innocence, and it goes rightly with "Lines Written in Dejection," where, under the symbolism of sun and moon—the moon being the obscure and shadowy cave of generation—he sighs that being come to fifty years he must endure the timid sun—the timid, objective, unmysterious sun.

I do not see that it matters if Yeats really does not wish to be ignorant as the dawn, or if he knows well that his complex and arrogant and coloured nature could never conceivably have any bridge across to these who are really ignorant and innocent and simple and spontaneous. Indeed, if one even said, "It is all a great pose," I do not see that that matters a pin. "A genius must do something—Sarah Bernhardt used to sleep in her coffin." Something had been felt by him, even if felt no more deeply than a great actor feels a part, and it had helped him, so feeling, to dramatize himself out of the Anima Mundi into a symbol.

3.

Thereby, then, so curiously, by 1919, comes the finest of Yeats' verse. See a poem like "Ego Dominus

Tuus," in "The Wild Swans at Coole," too long to quote, or the magnificent :

> There is a queen in China or maybe it's in Spain,
> And birthdays and holidays such praises can be heard
> Of her unblemished lineaments, a whiteness with no stain
> That she might be that sprightly girl trodden by a bird;
> And there's a score of duchesses, surpassing woman kind,
> Or who have found a painter to make them so for pay
> And smooth out every blemish with the elegance of his mind;
> I knew a phœnix in my youth, so let them have their day.
>
> . . . . .
>
> There's Margaret and Marjory and Dorothy and Nan,
> A Daphne and a Mary who live in privacy;
> One's had her fill of lovers, another's had but one,
> Another boasts, "I pick and choose and have but two or three."
> If head and limb have beauty and the instep's high and light
> They can spread out what sail they please for all I have to say,
> Be but the breakers of men's hearts or engines of delight:
> I knew a phœnix in my youth, so let them have their day. . . .

That is the poetry of a personality self-dramatized with arrogance, moving towards the creation of a new Beatrice. Again and again he beats out that deeper and more vibrant note of a Narcissus-Faustus :—

> Never until this night have I been stirred.
> The elaborate starlight throws a reflection
> On the dark stream,
> Till all the eddies gleam,
> And thereupon there comes a scream,
> From terrified invisible beast or bird:
> Image of poignant recollection.

Or it is heard again in :

> Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity. . . .

Or in that lovely, lovely poem, "A Prayer for My Daughter," in the volume for 1921.

After that comes "The Tower" (1928), and "The Winding Stair" (1933), where his verse becomes so powerful and so evocative and so tragic that one who did not know the sequence of his work, or the sequence of his life, or have the key to his internal conflict, could never have thought it possible for the rather feminine poet of "The Wanderings of Oisin," to write :—

It is time that I wrote my will;
I choose upstanding men
That climb the streams until
The fountain leap, and at dawn
Drop their cast at the side
Of dripping stone : I declare
They shall inherit my pride
The pride of people that were
Bound neither to Cause nor to State
Neither to slaves that were spat on,
Nor to the tyrants that spat,
The people of Burke and of Grattan,
That gave, though free to refuse—
Pride, like that of the morn,
When the headlong light is lose,
Or that of the fabulous horn,
Or that of the sudden shower
When all the streams are dry,
Or that of the hour
When the swan must fix his eye
Upon a fading gleam,
Float out upon a long
Last reach of glittering stream
And there sing his last song.
And I declare my faith :
I mock Plotinus' thought
And cry in Plato's teeth,
Death and life were not
Till man made up the whole,
Made lock stock and barrel
Out of his bitter soul,
Aye, sun, moon, and star, all,
And further add to that
That, being dead, we rise
Dream and so create
Tránslunar Paradise. . . .

I wish I could quote it all, but the quality of it is apparent, and it is a quality of poetry that is clearly driven up out of a man preoccupied with self, yet rising out of the bonds of self. He has not unified himself, he never could have unified himself, but he has not corroded within himself as all men do who vainly eat their own hearts, feed on and feed their own dreams.

4.

I am a young man, and my generation in Ireland sometimes finds it hard to make a bridge across to the generation of Yeats. We find a lack of wisdom in it, of humanity, and of sincerity. We feel we are of the age of steel and that these last romantics are of the age of gold, to use his imagery again. Though what one really means by "lack of sincerity" is, no doubt, that our values differ, and our insistence on intellectual sincerity and his insistence on emotional sincerity must both of them be tested by time; since there is, no doubt, in both, equal room for self-deceit.

That preoccupation of Yeats with his own conflicts is, I think, dangerous and seductive, and I feel that wherever, in that poetry of conflict, one is aware, not of the conflict, but of Yeats, as in a drama one might suddenly become aware not of the theme but the author, his poetry is at its weakest Graceless though it be, I close with a poem of that sort, a section in a long poem called "Vacillation," beginning :—

'Between extremities man runs his course. . . .' It says :—

Must we part, Von Huegel, though much alike, for we
Accept the miracles of the saints and honour sanctity?
The body of Saint Teresa lies undecayed in the tomb,
Bathed in miraculous oil, sweet odours from it come,
Healing from its lettered slab. Those self-same hands perchance
Eternalised the body of a modern saint that once
Had scooped out Pharaoh's mummy. I—though heart might find relief
Did I become a Christian man and choose for my belief

What seems most welcome in the tomb—play a predestined part.
Homer is my example and his unchristened heart.
The lion and the honeycomb, what has Scripture said?
So get you gone, Von Huegel, though with blessings on your head.

Conflict on conflict! Yeats was born in 1865, seventy years ago this month, and has been wavering ever since, between that romanticism and this realism, between that traditionalism and this revolt, that prettiness and this ugliness, that loyalty to the *moi* and this loyalty to the *nous*, that inwardness and this outwardness, that picturesque Ireland and this raw Ireland, that kind of truth and this. "We were the last romantics". . .

But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in the saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon the darkening flood.

He has lived long enough to see a world go and a world come, and he is so vigorous and so alive and so emotionally intact that he cannot deny the validity of either of them. Which may explain why neither generation trusts him, and each claims him, and both give him the fullness of their admiration for the loveliness he has taken—I might even say, robbed without payment from each time.

France and the Crisis

By John Bell

OF all the countries in Europe which are struggling to solve post-war problems the position of France at this moment may well call for consideration by reason of the peculiar circumstances in which she finds herself. She is grappling with internal and external problems—discontent at home and anxiety over national security—and it is difficult to say which is the more serious. A foreigner inquiring into the situation is forced to the conclusion that these problems hang together, and that there can be no improvement in the internal situation until the question of France's security has been definitely settled, until the country is rid of the nightmare of war. France has lived in dread of another German aggression since 1924, when her forces left the Ruhr on the understanding that Germany would make good the default which led to the occupation and exploitation of the German industrial basin and furnish reparations in earnest. At that time and for years afterwards France had the feeling of isolation, and she conceived it to be her duty to spend money unsparingly in making her eastern frontier secure, increasing her armaments and taking every precaution for her safety. Her solicitude increased when Hitler became the saviour of Germany. The gospel he preached to the German people disturbed French nerves, causing a jumpiness which developed into positive alarm when it became known beyond any manner of doubt that Germany was flouting the Preace Treaty and re-arming steadily. The removal of the German mask—the announcement of conscription, an air force equal, first to that of England and now to that of France, and a submarine building programme—has increased French uneasiness.

Increased armaments invariably mean higher taxation. To-day France is one of the most heavily-taxed nations in Europe. She is paying through the nose for her courageous efforts to maintain international peace.

There is no doubt that her present unsatisfactory internal situation is in a large measure due to her fear of war and to the heavy sacrifices she is making in the interest of her security.

What, precisely, is this internal situation? It is not without its contradictions. The monetary position, expressed in terms of gold stocks, excites the envy of other countries. If national prosperity has to be measured by gold stocks, then France should be a fortunate country. But she is far from happy at this moment. A spirit of pessimism and discontent is rampant. She has lost the smile of other days. There is something mournful and beseeching in the crow of the Gallic cock. For the first time during the many years I have known Paris I have detected in Parisians a fatalistic frame of mind, a suggestion of a spirit of *laisser-aller*. Another seeming contradition: the number of out-of-work people receiving assistance is relatively small, and yet it seems to me there is more unrest in France than in other countries where the army of unemployed in proportion to the population is several times larger.

High taxation, higher cost of living than in most other European countries has had these results: steadily shrinking commerce, numerous bankruptcies, practically empty hotels and restaurants, cafés no longer crowded, some of the big shops compelled to organize *réclames* in order to carry on, the smaller shops deserted and quite a number closed, the unusual spectacle of beggars in the streets, and the absence of tourists who had aforetime contributed very materially to the gaiety and luxury of Paris.

France is suffering enormously from the devaluation of the pound and the dollar. While other countries, notably Italy, Germany and Switzerland have adopted measures in order to lure foreigners to them by reducing the cost of railway travel and making it easier for them to pay their hotel bills even with debased currencies, France has thus far done nothing of a permanent nature

to retain the tourist traffic of which she had the largest share. Few English travellers receiving a little over seventy francs for their pound are prepared to pay sevenpence for an orange in a second-class restaurant, five pence for an apple, and one france twenty-five centimes, or nearly fourpence, for a cake which can be had for a penny in England. Even if they are accustomed to eat in a first-class restaurant at home they tire of paying ten shillings and upwards for a meal without wine.

M. Paul Reynaud, a former Minister of Finance, believes that all this would be changed for the better if he had his way. He favours the devaluation of the franc, but there is strong and determined opposition, led by the Government, to this course. Devaluation, it is said, would inevitably wipe out the large class of small rentiers who, having invested their money on a gold basis, lost four-fifths of its value on the stabilization of the franc at 124 and a fraction to the pound by the late M. Poincaré. Another devaluation, it is contended, would mean the total impoverishment of these people, and the State would have to come to their aid. Further, the immediate effect of devaluation would be that the vast army of functionaries would demand increased salaries, and thus expenditure which successive Governments have tried to reduce would increase by leaps and bounds. Devaluation would lead to dislocation of a kind which the Government which sanctioned it would find it difficult to face, and that is why the majority of French politicians, financiers and economists are clinging with passionate insistence to the gold standard, ignoring the argument supported by facts that the franc in terms of gold is far too dear.

Meanwhile France is paying a heavy penalty for her faith in the present value of her franc. The efforts she is making to emerge from her internal dilemma are hampered by the lack of loyal co-operation among the politicians. It is the people and not the politicians who have the courage to suggest remedies. Many thinking Frenchmen

are inclined to ignore world conditions and to attribute dear living and dwindling trade to heavy taxation. They argue that if the burden of taxation was lightened prices could be brought down; a fillip would be given to commerce, more people would be employed, and there would be more money to spend. It is a fact admitted by the legislators that heavy taxation is crushing commerce and promoting discontent. In the past appeals for confidence have been responded to readily enough, but now vibrant calls for confidence and patience of the sort made by M. Flandin, the Premier, from time to time leave many Frenchmen cold. They have not yet got over the Staviski scandal; they have poignant memories of the riots of February 6 last year, and they have found it necessary to revise their opinion of politicians in general.

With so much unrest, pessimism and uncertainty, can it be wondered at that the organizations which have sprung into being with the object of controlling or ousting the politicians are very active?

Let us look at the evidence of marked internal dissension. A glance at the parliamentary record will show that since the war only one Government completely ignored party shibboleths and legislated for the good of the State. It was the Government formed by the late M. Poincaré in 1926, when the headlong fall of the franc brought France to the brink of bankruptcy. A crisis almost as serious as that provoked by the financial cataclysm followed the Paris riots in February last year, but there was no Poincaré to deal with it. The debonnair M. Doumergue, with his disarming smile, did his best. The nation was prepared to accept any proposals, however drastic, and the politicians, cowed by the bloody repercussion of the Staviski scandal, would have obeyed the crack of a dictator's whip. But M. Doumergue was too gentle a man for the task imposed upon him, not sufficiently strong to do the things that had to be done, too much of a stickler for parliamentary forms. So the opportunity for vigorous action was missed; the politicians

got over their fright and resumed their party bickerings what time France was sinking deeper and deeper in the economic morass.

A heavy and ungrateful task confronted M. Flandin as the successor of M. Doumergue. He, too, formed what was supposed to be a Government of National Union, and he set about his job with commendable courage and determination to win through. A man of hopeful temperament and with a tremendous capacity for work he did not spare himself. His programme of legislation was quite in keeping with the needs of the country. Up to now, however, he has been hard put to it to keep his team together, to placate the Left. The result of this constant manœuvring has been to delay legislation intended to deal with the internal crisis.

The fact that the leading parties in the Chamber are so evenly balanced renders the task of the Government extremely difficult. The Radical Socialists form the largest group, and presuming on their strength they are making it their business to influence the Government. The Right and Centre parties are strong, but not strong enough. They have always to reckon with the group under the leadership of M. Herriot. Between these forces are the Socialists, who are implacable on most questions and particularly on matters of internal policy. Up to now they had not been taken very seriously, but since they joined hands with the Communists in a common front, they constitute a danger for the internal peace of France. And it is the existence of this danger which is increasing the nervousness of many Frenchmen who have the idea that with the present constitution of the Chamber of Deputies any government must necessarily be of a makeshift character. Its principal preoccupation is to hang together, and it can only survive by a process of placation. It must, first of all, please the parties represented in it, though it is plain enough that these parties do not, at the present time, voice the real needs of the State. It may be that the next appeal to the electorate,

due next year, will change all this, will result in the election of a Parliament that will be able to legislate in accordance with the country's requirements.

Meanwhile it has to be stated that faith in the politicians has been rudely shaken. Were it not so there would not be so many organizations started for the betterment of France. If the members of these organizations have not lost faith in the parliamentary institutions they have no longer full confidence in the politicians. They have sprung into being in order to accomplish what they consider Parliament has failed to achieve and also to fight the Common Front, and so save France from the revolution which the Socialists and Communists are seeking to promote. One of the most powerful of these organizations is the Croix de Feu, of which the leader is Colonel de la Rocque and whose members possess the decoration of the Legion of Honour or a military medal. Colonel de la Rocque is not a politician. He wants the State to be run on something like military lines. His ideas, which have been loosely labelled Fascist, have gained considerable headway throughout France. The Croix de Feu will have to be reckoned with if and when the red revolutionaries show their hand. Other bodies opposed to the "reds" and discontented with the working of the parliamentary machine are the National Volunteers, whose members lost someone in the war, Solidarité Française, and the Jeunesse Patriotes, the active organization of well-educated young men, of whom M. Pierre Tattainger, the Paris deputy, is the leader. These young patriots who belong to the Right are probably the nearest approach to Fascists.

Between these groups, Fascists or otherwise, and the avowed revolutionaries are the Camelots du Roi, members of the Royalist organization, Action Française, under the leadership of M. Léon Daudet. With so many new or comparatively new organizations in the field, all seeking to change the face of things in France, the Royalists have increased their activity. They are to be found

wherever Communists are gathered, and they figure in almost every collision up and down the country. Not the least important and certainly the most numerous of the forces watching internal developments in France and insisting on the reforms which Parliament has up to now been unable to effect, is that to which the ex-service men belong. While they are not a united body politically, some belonging to the Right and others to the Left, they are in agreement on the measures to be taken to rid the country of its present troubles and are keeping a watchful eye on the politicians.

All these bodies which indicate the dissension existing in France due mainly to dear living and heavy taxation and also, let it not be forgotten, to unstable government and financial scandals, are directing their operations against Parliament. Any government may well be worried by their activities the effect of which is to accentuate the depression in the country. For the moment the Flandin Government is not in a position to deal effectively with the internal crisis because of its external preoccupations. There can be no appreciable reduction in taxation until the problem of French security has been solved satisfactorily. National defence has been the first duty of every government since the war. Anxious to prevent, at any price, another invasion of France the nation willingly consented to the expenditure of milliards of francs in fortifying the Eastern frontier. There were foreign critics who considered that France was spending money unnecessarily, that she was giving way to idle fears, invoking a bogey. But as the nearest neighbour of Germany with opportunities of knowing what was passing in that country she knew long before any of her allies in the last great struggle that the vanquished foe was never completely disarmed—that, in fact, there was clandestine re-arming. With this knowledge, confirmed by Herr Hitler himself, France could not suffer the national defence to be weakened but, in the interest of her safety, she was compelled to strengthen it. What she

has done, and is doing, is now approved by other nations equally solicitous of peace and security as herself. But the stupendous effort she is making is not without its penalties, its tragic repercussions on her internal economy. The situation of the Treasury was bound to be seriously affected. This point has been reached : taxation cannot be further increased, and in order to obtain the supplies necessary for the national defence drastic economies must be effected. Not an easy matter in a democratic country where the rhythm of expenditure on State services has kept on increasing. Thus we see how closely interwoven are the internal and external problems of France—how the solution of the problem of the grave internal crisis depends on the ultimate settlement of the question of national and international security.

France has displayed courage and boldness in making her contribution to the maintenance of European peace. Her pact of mutual assistance with Soviet Russia does not please everybody. There are many Frenchmen who view it with apprehension, even though it has been drawn up within the framework of the Covenant of the League of Nations. They and dispassionate observers in other countries may well wonder how it will work in view of the persistent Communist campaign in France fostered with Soviet money. For this pact must have a strong bearing on the internal crisis in France. The Marcel Cachins, Vaillant Couturiers and Léon Blums have taken full advantage of the crisis to strengthen their organizations, make their propaganda more intensive and so hamper the Government in its work of national appeasement. It is the aim of the members of the Common Front to perpetuate discontent, and the question which seriously-minded Frenchmen are asking themselves is whether the corollary of the pact of mutual assistance will be the end of Communist agitation in France? This would cease or, at any rate, it would become innocuous, if the Soviet withdrew its subsidies from France. Time will tell whether the arrangement

which the French Government in its desire to preserve European peace has made with Russia will be a help or a hindrance, a blessing or a curse.

In the meantime the immediate problem of the Government is to remove depression and discontent by reducing taxation. This will only be possible when expenditure on armaments can be brought down, and it can only be brought down when the country has the assurance of peace with absolute security. Free from disturbing exterior preoccupations it could then apply itself to the task of putting its house in order and co-operating with other nations—they also relieved of the fears of war—in securing currency stabilization and removing the hindrances to international trade. But before progress in these directions can be made one thing is essential in France: her politicians must show more goodwill, and think more of the State, of the well-being of the people as a whole, and less of party labels. The blunders of the party politicians have created disunion in France and shaken the faith of many Frenchmen in the efficacy of the parliamentary institutions. In this respect the Radical Socialist party is not wholly free of responsibility. It means well, but a Nemesis seems to attend it, for it is a fact that on two occasions when it has been in power—in 1926 when the franc fell and there was barely a million francs in the State coffers to carry on the services of the country, and in 1934, the year of the Staviski scandal and the Paris riots—it was compelled, by the state of feeling in the country, to accept and participate in a Government of National Union. The bitter experience of the past shows that national union, confidence and internal peace in France will only be possible by the continuance of a government of collective responsibility.

The Ruin of State Subsidies

By V. A. Malcolmson

IN the House of Commons on April 3 last a debate was initiated by Mr. Molson on the future of industrial organization, and he moved the appointment of a Departmental Committee to consider the subject. While there was general agreement in favour of "planned" industrial output, there was a wide division of opinion in regard to its scope.

The discussion centred chiefly on the merits or otherwise of artificial restriction of output and, as pointed out by Mr. Assheton, this would necessarily lead to price-fixing agreements. Now, under the shelter of tariff walls prize-fixing may be rendered effective for domestic consumption, but, apart from the formation of international cartels, it can only be effective in the markets of the world if it results in securing for the producer such a satisfactory profit on its home-consumption goods that production beyond the consumptive powers at home may be marketed outside at below its cost of production, that is upon an uneconomic basis. This procedure can but result in undermining the national economy of those countries which are themselves competitive producers. The results of such procedure are inevitable: in order to protect its nationals and its employment problems, there are open to the States involved only two alternative courses of action—a raising of the tariff walls or the granting of a subsidy or bonus on production.

There can be no finality to this procedure and to its ultimate and inevitable results, viz., the destruction of purchasing power. Now to put purchasing power into the hands of the people, not of this country alone, but throughout the world, is the really vital problem awaiting solution, and every step taken towards undermining national economy in any part of the world is a step taken towards pushing international trade deeper down into the mire and postponing any hopes of general recovery. There may be national considerations which

may justify the fostering of an infant industry and affording it an opportunity of "making good," but pressure should ceaselessly be brought to bear on such industry to qualify for effective competition without any fiscal shelter, while if, after a liberal period of "wet-nursing" it finds itself unable to compete effectively, it should be abandoned, unless, of course, it should be a factor vital to national security.

It is the departure from these principles which has been largely to blame for the destruction of purchasing power and for, what is loosely defined as, the breakdown of distribution.

Now economic nationalism is a readily appreciated and perfectly reasonable phenomenon of the present age and, in self-defence, every nation is fully justified in pursuing it, but only in self-defence. Immediately economic nationalism becomes "offensive" it becomes a direct attack on the national economy of other nations, tends to destroy their purchasing power, and, being a two-edged sword, reacts on the national economy of the offending party.

In this age of highly developed international relationship, in commerce, finance and communication, few if any nations can live to themselves, and their action in any particular direction has its re-actions throughout the world.

To proceed from the general to the particular, let us take a country producing wool which finds it is unable to compete with other producers in the world's markets, because its costs of production are higher; for political or economic reasons it is unable to reduce these costs, but a sale of its wool is imperative; it accordingly grants a subsidy to its production for export, and supplies its home market at an economic price. This price in turn, has to be protected against the lower price of potential imports, and therefore a tariff is brought into play. Now let us follow the logical results of this procedure. In this country itself the cost of the export subsidy has to

be met by taxation, thus impoverishing its nationals and adversely affecting their purchasing power and their capacity to consume goods, either of their own home production or the production of other countries.

On the other side of the picture the wool is exported with the assistance of the subsidy to a country which is itself a producer of wool; this country has in self-defence a choice of action in three directions: to protect itself by tariff, to subsidize its production or to turn its attention to some other form of production. The latter alternative is unthinkable as a serious blow to its trading and employment problems; its manufacturing industries, which have to compete in the world's markets in the sale of their products, resist a tariff as calculated to raise their costs, and therefore a policy of subsidy is adopted, the cost of which falls upon the general taxpayer; this burden in its turn impoverishes the people and impairs their purchasing power, so that they are unable to absorb the output of their own factories or the products of other countries. So we are swept along in a vicious circle, and there is only one way of escape—agreement upon an international basis progressively to discourage uneconomic production, which is surely but rapidly ruining the world. No country at the present time is better equipped than the United Kingdom to give a lead in this direction for, being a creditor nation, and being released from the limitations involved in an adherence to the gold standard, it can penalize the entry of subsidized imports to the extent of such artificial stimulus. Such action would not be in its own interest alone, but would prove to be of valuable assistance to other countries in re-establishing their production and trade upon a sound and economic basis, to their own immense benefit.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that an injury inflicted upon the national economy of any country ultimately reacts to the injury of the offender.

Subsidies granted to production for home consumption may sometimes be justified in spite of the burden they

throw upon the general community, but subsidies granted to production for export can never be justified, except as a reply to competitive uneconomic exports from elsewhere, and it is impossible in the long run to avert the Nemesis of retribution. It is, for instance, definitely to the ultimate disadvantage of the British manufacturer that a foreign country should subsidize its exports of foodstuffs to this country, for in doing so it imposes disabilities upon its people in the purchase of British goods; the more prosperous the agricultural community, wherever it is to be found, the more prosperous the industrial community. What, for instance, is the process of reasoning which provides a State subsidy for the dairying industry of the United Kingdom, while at the same time it tolerates the importation of dairy produce, much of it subsidized, to the equivalent of many millions of gallons of milk?

It is no part of my present purpose to touch upon a controversial subject, but the position of sugar is so typical an instance that it may be used as an illustration. There have been many heart-burnings in regard to the financial assistance accorded to the beet-sugar industry in this country, but it is at all events innocent of the crime of subsidizing exports, and hence does not tend to undermine the economy of other countries. This subsidy is largely necessitated by the uneconomic imports from other countries and is a measure of self-defence. Were it not the case that 90 per cent. of the world's production of sugar were artificially stimulated, it is a question whether there would be any demand for a subsidy here. Sugar affords a conspicuous instance of a commodity in its treatment of which Great Britain is called upon to give a valuable lead towards a recovery in the world's trading conditions.

If all foreign imports of sugar into the United Kingdom's markets were penalized to the extent of the State assistance they receive, directly or indirectly—in some cases amounting to three or four times the value of

the sugar itself—a valuable step would have been taken to place real, instead of "make-believe," purchasing power in the hands of these producing countries, and at the same time, to add to the purchasing power of this country by relieving the taxpayer of a burden. Another direction in which uneconomic production is but thinly veiled is the granting of subsidies on shipping, the placing of goods in the world's markets on terms of unfair competition with goods carried by un-subsidized shipping. The reactions in these cases follow almost identical lines to those derived from subsidized production, and it has only recently been considered necessary, in self-defence, for the United Kingdom to follow suit and to grant a State subsidy to tramp steamers. That British shipping is subjected to unfair competition there is no doubt, but the policy adopted of granting subsidies has certainly not contributed to the solution of the world's trading problems, nor impressed upon other nations the urgent necessity for the progressive re-establishment of economic production and distribution, if there is to be any justification for the hope of a revival of prosperity in the world.

The Service of Miss Eyles

By Nigel Balchin

MISS EYLES was sixty that day, but she felt older. Older than usual, as she always did when Mrs. Richardson had been more than ordinarily trying. To-day there had scarcely been five minutes when the querulous voice of the old tyrant had not been calling: "Ada, I am thirsty. Fetch me some water." "Ada, this pillow is very hard. Shake it up, will you?" "Ada, the sun is right in my eyes. Lower the blind, will you? No, not so far. It makes the room so dark."

It was nearly eight o'clock before a half-sleep, half-coma had silenced the grating voice, and left Miss Eyles with weary, aching legs and a dull pain behind her eyes, to sit thankfully in her box-like bedroom.

Miss Eyles was an energetic person. Usually these few moments of rest were occupied in mending or knitting, for being Mrs. Richardson's companion meant being also her general servant, cook, housemaid, needlewoman, butler, correspondent—— But to-night Miss Eyles felt old. And feeling old she neither mended nor knitted, but sat with her hands lying idly in the lap of her black silk dress, and gazed out of her small window into the dusk of the early summer evening.

It was a lovely evening. Miss Eyles would have liked to go and walk in the garden, but the old woman might wake up and call for her; would have liked, failing the garden, to have her window wide open to the early summer air. But Mrs. Richardson was susceptible to draughts. To sit indoors on a May evening——! Her eyes filled with self-pitying tears. She removed her thick, gold-rimmed glasses, and wiping her vague blue eyes, found herself hating Mrs. Richardson, with a queer, helpless, persecuted hatred. Perhaps it was the summer evening. Perhaps the birthday. But which ever it was Miss Eyles looked back suddenly on the last twenty years, and hated Mrs. Richardson.

Forty, one had been when one had come to Gravemont to be companion to the grim old widow in the square Georgian house. And she had seemed rather pathetic, so helpless, so rich, so wretched, so utterly alone. It had not mattered that she had paid but fifty pounds a year for all that hard, back-breaking work. It had been a Service. Not just the service of Mrs. Richardson, but the service of God. But that was twenty years ago, and God and Mrs. Richardson had gone on accepting that service as though it was merely their due—the one ever more querulous, irritable and exacting, the other scattering His snow, His rain and His summer evenings as though with little thought for the service of Ada Eyles.

And now one was sixty and felt more. And one hated Mrs. Richardson and wished she would die. And somehow this summer evening, which one could only see through mocking and distorting glass, was jeering and scornful—— She started suddenly at the trend of her reverie, and glanced round the room almost fearfully. Legs and head might ache. The day had been more than usually hard. But that was no excuse for blasphemy and the accusation of God. He would work out his purpose and Ada Eyles, in her impatience, must be no critic of His ways and means. She rose hastily to her feet, and treading lightly for fear of waking the sleeping dragon, went to her small bookshelf. Tennyson and Matthew Arnold had dust upon their limp leather covers. But there was no dust upon her old, large-printed Bible. She cast a last glance into the dark, cool shadows of the garden, and switching on her light opened her Bible at random.

"Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord."

Miss Eyles bent her head in shame.

There was a faint sound of movement from the adjoining room, followed by something between a groan and a sigh.

"Ada!" The voice was feeble and irritable. "Ada, where are you, woman?"

Miss Eyles sighed and, placing her embroidered marker carefully between the leaves, hurried into Mrs. Richardson's room.

* * * * *

It was August now, and at eight o'clock there was no sign of dusk. The evening was blue and gold, and the long shadows of the garden were even more cool and inviting. But she had been sitting for an hour before it occurred to her that she could open a window, or if she wished go and walk on the lawn, or even sit in the drawing-room. Life was full of these odd exciting discoveries now, which, when they were made, brought always the queer new sense of being a real person and not a poor ghost; and yet brought always, too, a feeling of fantastic guilt, as though at any moment one might hear the hated voice again, and find the New World vanished like a dream.

Mrs. Richardson was dead. One had wept over the dead body and wept again at the graveside. And Gravemont and £2,000 a year belonged to Ada Eyles, for Mr. Sanders, the lawyer, had said so. But even so one had gone on sleeping by sheer force of habit, in the stuffy, box-like room, and three or four times had risen in the night to answer the call of an imaginary voice.

She got up and, walking slowly into the corridor, went in turn into each bedroom. The large one that overlooked the garden was impossible. Mrs. Richardson was in the grave and could have no objection. But it was her room and one could not sleep in it. For strangely and impiously and ungratefully one still hated Mrs. Richardson.

There was dust on the bannisters and dust on the drawing-room mantelpiece. The grandfather clock had stopped, and it was very still. Mr. Sanders had suggested getting two servants at once. But two servants would be extravagance, and there would be nothing for them to do.

From the drawing-room window Miss Eyles could see

old John the gardener still stooping over a flower-bed. She would have liked to talk to him but she was afraid. She glanced again at the mantelpiece, and with a resigned little sigh, fetched a duster from the kitchen and wiped it clean. The ornaments were dusty, too, and so was the big photograph of Mrs. Richardson's husband. Miss Eyles hesitated, and then with a sudden rush of courage unhooked the photograph from its shrine above the mantelpiece. But behind it the wallpaper was unfaded, and quite a different colour, and the room looked odd without it. She dusted it carefully and put it back. There was dust, too, on the case of the chimney clock.

It was after nine when Miss Eyles, feeling hungry, realized that she had had no food all day. There had been so much to do, so much to think about—— She went to the kitchen and, finding eggs, made herself an omelette.

There was no reason why one should not use the dining-room. No reason, except the unwelcoming strangeness of the big, square room, the shining expanse of the polished mahogany table, and the silence. Miss Eyles hesitated, and then, placing the small plate and her cup on the familiar silver tray, carried them carefully up stairs to her small room. The open window had aired it. With a sigh of relief she shut the door on the silent house, and sat down in the hard, little chair, balancing the tray on her knees with the dexterity of long practice.

She put the tray aside when the omelette was half eaten. There was mending to do, but she sat for a long while with her hands idle in her lap. Her head was aching, and she felt tired. Housework, even a little dusting, was tiring now—in one's sixty-first year. The stairs of the old house creaked in the silence. Miss Eyles started, and then, relaxing, shook her head doubtfully. It would be nice to have somebody. Somebody bright, who would take all this queer worry and responsibility off one's shoulder. Someone capable, who did not feel

old and tired, to combat this strange, unfriendly house —to handle old John—to talk to. Companionship. She thought of Mr. Sanders. Two servants, he had said. But that was absurd, of course—an extravagance, and an unnecessary extravagance. And servants made endless trouble. But—— With a sudden resolve she rose, and tiptoeing lightly to her small cupboard, took out pen, ink and paper, and returned to her chair.

> "Delicate lady," she wrote, "requires refined Christian companion, willing to give help in house. Age about 40. Salary ——."

She hesitated. It was a lot of money, but Mr. Sanders had said two servants.

"Salary £60 per annum."

It was August, but even so the evenings were a little cold. Miss Eyles rose and closed the window.

Japanese Rights in Manchoukuo

By H. Vere Redman

THE problem of extraterritoriality in Manchoukuo is of some concern to foreign powers; it is also one which concerns the whole future of Japanese activity in that country, and which is the centre of conflict among competing Japanese interests. The average Westerner is only interested to know what are the chances of the abolition of foreign extraterritoriality in the region. But the answer to this question depends on the much larger one of what are the chances of the abolition of Japanese extraterritoriality, since it is obvious that no abolition, either unilateral or by agreement, of foreign right could logically be defended while Japan maintains her present extraterritorial position.

The movement to abolish Japanese extraterritoriality dates from shortly after the establishment of the new *régime ;* and was an obvious product of the circumstances of that establishment. The Japanese version of the foundation of Manchoukuo is common knowledge. The new *régime* was set up by the spontaneous will of the thirty million inhabitants of Manchuria, or as many of them as were politically conscious, aided by the Japanese Army which saw in such a consummation the only guarantee of permanent peace in the region. The outside world, influenced by the Lytton Report and that of the League Committee of Nineteen, persisted in regarding the establishment of the new *régime* as an act having no connection whatever with the will of the local inhabitants, even supposing such a will to exist, but one calculated merely to subserve the policy of Japan, which was to safeguard her " special position " already acquired and possibly to extend it by exercising through a puppet government the effectual control of the country's administration.

The reaction of many Japanese to this accusation of mere acquisitiveness was naturally a desire to prove that Japan's active essay in Manchurian politics was not the

veiled annexation it was called but really prompted by a genuine desire to help a helpworthy people to help themselves. The most convincing proof of this which suggested itself was the abolition of Japanese extraterritorial rights. Moreover, the proposal could be justified not alone on grounds of principle, but also on those of expediency; and a cynical facing of facts could reinforce an idealistic desire to put the best possible face on them. After all, whatever the impulses which produced the new *régime*, it was evident that Japan exercised at least sufficient control over it to be able to prevent the occurrence of any too disastrous consequences of an abandonment of the extraterritorial position. The cynics said in effect: " Japan as Manchoukuo receives the sacrifice of Japan *tout court*, and *plus cela change plus cela reste incontestablement et admirablement la même chose.*"

A further reinforcement of the argument was in the possible effect of abolition on the Manchoukese officials. Their loyalty to the *régime* was clearly to be desired, from the Japanese point of view, and naturally they would be more loyal if they felt (1) that legally at least they were representatives of an unrestricted sovereignty and (2) that they had, so to say, stolen a march in this respect on their Chinese brothers prolific in contemptuous reference to their " servitude " and " puppetry." Moreover, as was pointed out at the beginning, if Japanese extraterritoriality went, that more exiguous of the other foreign powers could hardly long survive. Thus any vestige of foreign rights within the territory could be excluded, a result naturally pleasing to the Manchoukese and not altogether displeasing to the Japanese. Finally, there was the international argument. It was assumed that all Japanese, like all Manchoukese, were desirous of recognition, and recognition would, it was believed, be the more readily accorded to a State enjoying the prestige of full sovereign rights, at least in legal form.

So much for the objective arguments in favour of abolition. But there were others of a subjective nature.

The effective aid in the establishment of the Manchoukuo *régime* was given by the Kwantung Army and, as is now well-known, the officers of that Army were many of them inspired by ideals which were not those of Japanese civilians either in Manchoukuo or at home. These ideals were, many of them, admirable, if difficult to define. There was certainly a belief in the mission of the Japanese race or its more worthy representatives, like Army officers and the farming communities from which such officers mostly came, to build an " earthly paradise " for Manchoukuo-Japanese cohabitation on the Manchurian plains. There was an even stronger conviction that the two-headed serpent of big business and the political parties of Japan should have no place in this Eden. But the serpent, alas, in the form of the South Manchuria Railway Company, with its vast ramifications in the structure of Japanese capitalism, and its corrupt political affiliations was already rather more than at the gate. The Japanese " special position " in Manchuria before the Incident of September, 1931, was an S.M.R. position. Outside the Kwantung Leased Territory, of which incidentally the majority of the Japanese inhabitants were S.M.R. employees, the towns in which Japanese subjects claimed extraterritoriality were called significantly " Railway Towns," and the strip of country which troops of the Imperial Army were privileged to guard was known as the " Railway Zone." This did not please the military even before the Incident, for not only did they disapprove of the political jobbery in which the Company was involved; they also considered its attitude towards the Chinese one of weakness which lowered Japanese prestige. After the Incident, they were determined there should be no more of that. The sturdy sons of rustic communities had shed their blood to build a paradise, but was it to be one on which the vicious hold of a corrupt urban capitalism was only to be strengthened? Certainly not. The economics of reform might present some difficulties, although an economist-soldier, General Koiso, conceived

the plan of weakening the Company by breaking it up into small units and letting in the small man, such being the purpose of the famous S.M.R. Reorganization Plan which has been under consideration for over a year. But whatever the economics, the politics were clear. Much of the prestige and power of the Company were derived from its special extraterritorial position in the Railway Towns and Zone. To abolish extraterritoriality would thus be to weaken the Company and paradise would be purer to that extent.

Such in brief was the thesis of the military during the period, roughly from the beginning of 1932 to the end of 1933, when they were dominant in politics, particularly Manchurian politics. The student of Japan notices, however, that although Army influence can be powerful and decisive, it is also curiously unsustained. Steadfast as the Service men seem to be in pursuit of certain professional ideals of courage, loyalty and patriotism, their political enthusiasms are of relatively *courte haleine*. An observer in 1932 would have said that the Army and Navy were destined to direct national policy in Japan for another decade. To-day it is doubtful if they even direct national policy any more, and such influence as they exercise is slowly yet visibly on the wane. The explanation of this invites some interesting speculations which can have no place here. The point is that in Manchurian policy what the Kwantung Army started, a body of civilians took up and, civilians being more constantly political than soldiers, and incidentally more alive to their personal interests, what was in military hands an aspiration somewhat ill-defined became in their hands a concrete policy.

The body of civilians in question is of curious composition, and one which requires to be fully understood. Critics of the Japanese action in 1931–32 have often called it the " Manchurian Adventure." But the usual implications of the term " adventurer " do not convey an accurate impression of the Japanese civilians who

have taken part in the foundation and development of the new State. The traveller in Manchuria in 1930 met the Japanese "adventurer" in the pejorative sense of the term. He was a man who, for this or that reason, had been unsuccessful at home, and who was seeking his fortune in the next best thing to a colony. He was in a small way of business in one of the larger Railway Towns; he might even have been a minor official of the Company, or engaged in one of those dubious semi-advisory, semi-espionage professions fostered by the peculiar Chinese system of despotism. He was not a pleasant type; for the rigid social discipline which makes the Japanese nation so formidable also serves to make the individual Japanese tolerable. Divorced from it, if he be not a man of exceptional character, in which case the divorce has probably been voluntary, he is often arrogant and unprincipled, vulgar and dishonest. Such was the "Manshu goro," a figure as well-known and as deeply detested by his fellow Japanese as by anybody of any other nationality who came in contact with him.

When the Army had completed the initial part of its task of destroying in Manchuria any relics of the Chang authority, it became evident that there was a need and opportunity for Japanese civilian help to strengthen the *cadre* of the new *régime*. At first the "Manshu goro" thought their day had come. Like the women who followed the armies in ancient days, groups of this special type of parasite hung round the various headquarters looking for jobs. A certain number of them actually did get employed, at any rate temporarily. But the Army knew these men and liked them no better than did any other reputable section of the Japanese population. So every effort was made to keep the "goro" out, but the difficulty arose to get anybody else in, for it has been a marked feature of Japan's connections with Manchuria that for every hundred Japanese willing to die for it there has been only one willing to live in it. As for the French, respectability and expatriation are for the

Japanese rarely associated, this sentiment being at once a relic of the feudal seclusionist tradition and a product of the intense social solidarity. Fortunately, however, in Japan proper, spiritual and economic crises were coincidental. On the one hand, the youth of the nation, in sympathy with the youth movements in Europe, was being aroused to the need for national renaissance in pursuit of impressive if imprecise national purposes. On the other hand, numbers of young men were finding the economic avenues of respectability so congested as to make in all cases progress, and in some cases entrance, extremely difficult. For such people Manchoukuo represented at once spiritual inspiration and material salvation. They would leave behind them the capitalist corruption, albeit personally unprofitable, of the mother country and go forth to build the "earthly paradise" on the Manchurian plains.

It thus happened that the young people—and they are mostly fairly young—who went into service of the new Manchoukuo Government, or the various institutions dependent thereon, constituted a sort of *élite*. They were, in the first place, people prepared to break with the very strong home-staying tradition, and this only partially under an economic urge. In the second place, they were inspired by an idealism of which the components were national, racial (there was much talk and feeling at the time about a general oriental revival, a breaking with slavish imitation of the West) and anti-capitalist in the regimental and sentimental Fascist manner. It is obvious that such men were likely to get on with the Army. It is equally obvious that such men were likely to get on with the job and work at it with that enthusiasm and devotion to which the really remarkable achievements of administrative and economic reconstruction in Manchoukuo are largely due.

There remains one thing more to be said about this "Ohashi brigade," as they are sometimes called in Japan after one of the most outstanding of their number, who

is now the Manchoukuo Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is that they gave up, in cases where they were men of experience, their jobs in Japan and, in cases where they were beginners, their chances of jobs in Japan. They passed out of the *cadres*, and anybody who knows the rigidity of the Japanese hierarchy, in business as well as in the professions and officialdom, knows how difficult it would be for them ever to get back. Thus it is evident that their whole future is bound up with that of Manchoukuo both by choice and necessity. It must be equally evident that they wish to restrain as far as possible Company influence and official Japanese influence in Manchurian affairs; for the greater the reality of Manchoukuo independence, the greater the reality of their own, and the possibility of its use to their advantage.

We thus see that these Japanese civilians in Manchoukuo Government employ represent appealing convictions strongly held. They are champions of what can be called a newly vested interest, but they are only partially prompted by interest. They have their ideals of Asiatic solidarity, and some of them go so far as even to be willing to accept Manchoukuo citizenship as a symbol of their identification with the destinies of the new state. That their principles and interests go hand in hand may be fortuitous, but it is nonetheless formidable, and the resistance of Company influence is appealing in Japan in view of the fact that propaganda has been waged for so long against the corruption of big business. They use the objective and subjective arguments for the breaking of Company power, saying in effect: "Rid Manchoukuo of her shackles of a corrupt capitalism, and give her the independence which Japanese blood was shed to achieve."

To which the Company's answer was very simple, running roughly like this: "As we understand it, and as Japanese officialdom has always proclaimed, Manchoukuo independence was only a by-product of the Japanese military action, which was undertaken primarily to ensure

maintenance of Japan's ' special position ' in Manchuria, that is to say the position which we, at heavy cost and with great labour, had built up. Is the main objective therefore to be sacrificed in the interests of what is after all an incidental development? If the question is argued realistically, and we are told that what is taken from us as outside exploiters is handed back to us as inside advisers, we have of course no objections. But as things are now, it appears that what is going to happen is that the control of affairs is going to be taken out of our experienced hands and placed into those of the newly imported Japanese advisers of the Manchoukuo Government. Moreover, we, as a body, have been in this part of the world for a long time, and to our experience of economic conditions is added experience of the local inhabitants. And frankly we see no reason to believe that the young men in Hsinking (the Manchoukuo capital) will be successful in holding the fort if the nominal command is entirely in Manchoukese hands. The Chinese are clever and the ordinary business maxim of all those who have dealings with them has always been : ' Give nothing away.' " Thus spoke the Company backed by its important body of investors, many of them in high places in Japan proper.

It is a pretty conflict, and it cuts across all sorts of regular allegiances. The ultimate decisions, of course, rests with the leaders of the Government in Tokyo, and for a number of reasons they are inclined to favour the *status quo*. They see the force of the Hsinking argument, but at the same time they realize that however lacking the Company leaders may be in ideals, economically they do know their job. Again, Tokyo does not want to abdicate all control of the situation by letting the Hsinking advisers make an alliance with the Army and run Manchoukuo entirely in their own way. Yet again, the Japanese advisers even now are not always happy in their relations with the Manchoukuo officials. If there is tension to-day, when these advisers appear as would-be

liberators of Manchoukese, what will the situation be to-morrow, when all the liberating has been done?

Out of these speculations there naturally arises a desire to shelve the problem of extraterritoriality until such time as the Japanese agencies in Manchuria can be put on an inwardly more definite and outwardly more prepossessing basis. One gathers that with some adroitness it has been pointed out to the Army that the Hsinking advisers may be idealists, but they are nevertheless civilians, and therefore that military men should be chary of letting too much power pass into their hands. "Let's break the power of the Company by all means" the suggestion has run, "but do not let us break the power of Japan as such. Let us gather together all the various Japanese powers in the territory and place them in the hands of some high Japanese official directly responsible to the Prime Minister in Tokyo and able at once to control the Company and the Hsinking Japanese advisers." The military seem to have taken the bait, partly because fear of Russia makes them eager to retain in Manchoukuo the necessary power for immediate action should the need arise, and partly because of a natural desire to re-assert themselves growing out of sense of their waning popularity. In any case, they produced a reorganization plan for Japanese agencies in Manchuria along the lines suggested and got it adopted in the autumn of 1934. The Foreign Office did not like the plan, not because they have any affection for the Hsinking advisers but simply because, concerned with the international prestige of Manchoukuo, they contend that the new plan serves to emphasize Manchoukuo's tutelage to Japan. The Company, on the other hand, says nothing, its point of view being roughly: "We were controlled by the Government before and we could generally make terms with it. Besides, when things settle down, the political parties may come back in Japan, and then we shall have nothing to worry about, while if the power gets into the hands of the Hsinking advisers, with their

anti-capitalist ideals, we shall be in difficulties right from the start."

Thus supported, directly and indirectly, the military reorganization plan was adopted, a result which provides the interesting spectacle of the capitalists having scored a tactical advantage in the guise of a revival of military influence, and the idealisms originally created by the military being only championed now by Japanese civilians in Hsinking and logic-choppers in the Foreign Office. Which is another way of saying that the abolition of Japanese extraterritoriality in Manchoukuo is a long way off.

The Douglas Social Credit Scheme

By Richard R. Ford

THE purpose of this article is to provide a critical examination of the Douglas Credit Scheme. Such an examination must include an exposition of the Douglas analysis of present social and economic disequilibrium which the Scheme is designed to alleviate, and in addition some estimate of the possible political consequences of the movement.

Major C. H. Douglas, the founder and chief exponent of the Scheme, is an aeronautical engineer who had considerable experience in the costing and construction of aircraft in the War. The first publication of his Social Credit proposals dates from the time of the Armistice, although he was formulating his theories as long ago as 1908. Since the end of the War his Scheme has been made known almost all over the world, and in certain areas—Australia and Canada, for instance—it has carried sufficient weight to inspire new parliamentary parties. The Government of Alberta has even offered Major Douglas a position as economic adviser. The New Economics Group of New York have recently set out their proposals in the form of a National Credit Issue Bill. In this country, however, it is safe to say that the Douglas Scheme has not yet proved of more than theoretical interest for those economists and bankers whose qualifications make them well suited to examine it. Major Douglas has had his Scheme examined by a Labour Party Committee of experts in 1924 (this Committee included Lord Passmore, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Dr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. J. A. Hobson and Mr. R. H. Tawney), and he himself gave evidence before the Macmillan Committee in 1930. The former considered his precepts as " fallacious in several respects," while the Report of the Macmillan Committee made no mention whatever of the Douglas proposals.

What are the fundamentals of the Douglas analysis of our current ills? The disease, he asserts, is at the root a financial malady. Poverty in the midst of plenty is a state of disequilibrium induced by monetary factors and, specifically, by lack of effective demand. Industrial depression is due to lack of purchasing power, not to over-production. In fact, Major Douglas does not believe in over-production. "Is it not true," he says, "that industry can to-day produce an almost unlimited quantity of goods?" The reason why there is a restricted market for these goods lies in deficiency of purchasing power. Consumers' incomes are too small to purchase at remunerative prices all the goods produced by industry. Why are consumers' incomes too small? Major Douglas asserts that the main cause of the shortage of available money is to be found in the credit function of the banking system in that the issue of credit is not scientifically adjusted to production. The control of all credit by the banks produces an increasing disparity between the selling price of industrial products and the effective demand for those products. Major Douglas explains his condemnation of the present banking credit system in his theories of the "double circuit" of money in industry and of the re-investment of savings.

In order to appreciate fully the Social Credit proposals, which are the remedy for the disparity between price and demand, it is essential to set out briefly the so-called "A + B Theorem," which explains the "double circuit" of money in industry and its catastrophic results. This simple formula of A + B is devised from analysing the payments of any business. There are, says Major Douglas, two kinds of payments—Direct Payments to individuals, including wages, salaries and dividends. These are the "A Payments." Secondly, there are Indirect Payments made to other organizations for raw materials, depreciation, bank-charges, etc. These are the "B Payments." The total payment for any product is obviously the A Payments and the B Payments added

together. The price of the product will obviously be fixed at that amount.

But, says Major Douglas, the incomes available to buy the goods only amount to "A" (the wages, salaries and dividends) and "A" is obviously less than A + B. Hence, by simple deduction, there is a perpetual deficiency, because incomes are insufficient to buy at remunerative prices the products of industry.

In this " theorem " Major Douglas assumes that the B Payments (for raw materials, etc.) are never distributed to consumers in the form of purchasing power at one and the same moment as the A Payments. This belief is a basic fallacy of the Douglas analysis. The A Payments (wages, salaries, etc.) obviously go direct to consumers and become purchasing power in their hands. But the B Payments go to producers at a previous cycle in the manufacturing process and it does not matter at all from which cycle of production incomes are derived. For these producers use the B Payments they have received to make A Payments (wages and salaries) to their workers. The concrete instance of the manufacture and sale of a loaf of bread will show that ultimately all B Payments become A Payments or, in other words, that all money paid out eventually becomes consumers' purchasing power again and that there is no perpetual deficiency. The B Payments, especially the payments for depreciation, are generally made as payments to individuals in an even flow.

The purchaser of a loaf of bread pays 4d. to his baker. The baker takes 1d. for his profit and the wages of his workers (an A Payment). He pays 3d. (a B Payment) to the miller for the flour. But that 3d. is not, as Major Douglas postulates, a payment unproductive of purchasing power, because the miller pays out 1d. (an A Payment) for his own profit and his workers' wages. He then pays the remaining 2d. to the wheat merchant, who likewise keeps 1d. (an A Payment) and pays the last 1d. to the farmer for his wheat. This the farmer uses for his own wages and his rent (an A Payment). It will be seen

that at the end of all these transactions the whole 4d. has come into consumers' hands in the form of A Payments. The B Payments are practically non-existent. Thus, the "theorem" has neither meaning nor even existence.

But the inclusion of banking credit in the chain of events is an essential part of the Douglas reasoning. Supposing, in this example, the wheat merchant had previously borrowed a loan from his bank. Instead of putting the 2d. into consumers' hands, he returns it to the bank to cancel part of his loan. That, alleges the Douglas theorist, is a clear case of an unproductive payment (a real B Payment) and is a vital clue to the problem of disparity. But, in fact, this is not so. The credit is not actually destroyed or extinguished. The repayment of part of the loan to the bank merely puts the bank in a position to make another loan elsewhere. If Major Douglas were right, there would always be a deficiency of purchasing power consequent upon the issue of banking credit. The "destruction" or "extinguishing" of credit, on which much emphasis is laid, is a delusion; for, other things being equal, the sum total of credit is not affected by the reduction or extinction of overdrafts. Credit is essentially a circulating fund.

Assuming the veracity of the Douglas analysis, it now remains to set out the principle and practice of the Douglas remedy, and to make the obvious test as to whether in the given circumstances the medicine will produce a cure. The diagnosis is built on the fact that consumers' incomes are too small to purchase at remunerative prices all the goods produced by industry. The remedy must therefore be a device for increasing consumers' purchasing power. In some way more money to spend must be created. The problem is to make (say) £75 buy £100 worth of goods.

One method, says Major Douglas, by which this can be done is to arrange for the consumer to buy his goods at a price below their financial cost and to make up the remainder of the price to the retailer by awarding him a

money payment; in the instance cited above, the shortage of £25 to the retailer would be made up by the State. The result of the transaction would be that the consumer will get the goods he wants at 25 per cent. less than the selling price, and his purchasing power will be increased by 25 per cent. The retailer will recover the full financial cost of his goods, including profit, partly from the consumer and partly from the State. He will then repay the wholesaler, who repays the manufacturer, who repays to the bank the loan by which the manufacturing process was initiated. The bank then cancels the money representing the loan.

But two urgent questions arise. Where is the £25 to come from ultimately, and what is to decide the fraction of cost at which retailers will sell their goods to the buyers? The first question was hammered out when Major Douglas appeared before the Macmillan Committee. "If," he said, "you can utilize some mechanism which will enable you to lower prices without the results which usually follow a lowering of prices, you will produce exactly the same result of equating the purchasing power to prices without the evils of inflation." "A policy of inflation . . . is absolutely and mathematically certain to reduce any financial and economic system to ruins." In the face of this strong denial of inflation the Macmillan Committee pieced together, from Major Douglas's evidence, the following sequence. (This example is another variation of the mechanism by which purchasing power could be increased by 25 per cent.)

A man buys a motor car for £100. He pays £100 for it and obtains a receipt from the seller. This receipt he takes to his bank and his account at the bank is credited with £25. Thus, in effect, he has paid £75 for his car. The bank then collects the £25 from the Treasury to re-imburse itself. So far the scheme is successful. The consumers' purchasing power has been increased by 25 per cent. and his credit of £25 is available at the bank for another purchase. But the bank has an entry in its

books saying that the Treasury owes it £25. How does the Treasury obtain that money? Major Douglas was asked before the Macmillan Committee whether it was a liability which might be translated into currency notes, and he replied, " If the bank so desired." Thus, in spite of his protests of financial probity and in spite of his diatribe against inflation, Major Douglas admits that the bank has the right to demand its Treasury credit in the form of notes at any time. However much he may urge that the credit is created " against the productive value of the State," such a process is a patent form of inflation whether the credit is in the form of a book entry or of currency notes.

Moreover, a credit system built on inflation must defeat its own ends by raising prices. If by some process the amount of money to spend is increased and all other factors affecting supply and demand are left untouched, there must be an inevitable rise in prices. The result will be that the anticipated increase in consumers' purchasing power will be negatived, unless the public are gulled for a time into a sense of false security. But, in any event, it is hardly conceivable that the public will continue for long to accept money manufactured at such a rate. In practice there would be a continual struggle between the efforts to reduce prices artificially by means of the Douglas discounts and rebates and the inevitable tendency of prices to rise owing to inflation. In his evidence Major Douglas agreed, " the result would be that in the first place the unrestricted tendency would be for the prices of commodities to rise."

The second question to be answered concerns the difficulty of fixing prices. Major Douglas postulates that all consumable goods are to be sold below the cost of production. How much below cost this price is to be fixed depends on how far total national production exceeds total national consumption. That is the essential criterion.

The excess of production over consumption is to be

determined statistically from time to time by authority, and prices are then to be fixed according to a given formula. For instance, if the nation were found to be producing twice as much as it were consuming, prices would be fixed at one-half of cost, and manufacturers would be recouped for the other half of their costs by the inflationary method already outlined. (It should be added that in this formula the term "consumption" includes capital depreciation and exports, and the term "production" includes capital appreciation and imports.)

Such a theoretical equation for obtaining a Just Price is admittedly of academic interest. But as a practical device its value is small simply because statistics for the financial cost of production and consumption are non-existent, and no standard costing system has yet been devised. While, for instance, it is difficult enough to find out the money value of consumable goods, it is impossible to ascertain the money value of services unless it is considered merely as the money value of the wages and salaries involved.

The payment of a National Dividend is an essential corollary to the successful working of the Douglas Scheme. The issue of these Dividends is to be based on and to be met from the net increase of the nation's productive capacity. In the draft Social Credit Scheme for Scotland, Major Douglas visualizes the payment of a Dividend by a draft on the Scottish Government credit to an amount estimated to exceed £300 per family.

An exposition of the broad outline of the Douglas Scheme has been set out and criticized, but there remains the problem of assessing its value as a movement. Major Douglas himself has no personal organization to propagate his Scheme. But closely related to him is the National Credit Association, an informative and propagandist organization, which has not at present any marked political significance. The principles of the Greenshirt Movement are those of Major Douglas, and it is interesting to note

that he has granted the Movement the right to wear Douglas tartan for the facings of its uniform.

The Douglas Scheme has been warmly commended by certain sections of the Clergy; in fact, the Macmillan Committee questioned Major Douglas at the specific request of the Social Service Section of the Congregational Union. In the main, the bodies devoting themselves to propagating the Scheme are content with generalized promises of Utopian conditions and the abolition of poverty and are not concerned with any accurate and technical description of the financial processes by which their Utopia can be attained; indeed, some significant emphasis is laid on the fact that the system of Social Credit is to be worked " not by mass understanding of its techniques, but by competent technicians employed for the purpose."

Summarizing the Scheme—Major Douglas contends that shortage of purchasing power is at the root of social and industrial disequilibrium. His remedy is to make available additional purchasing power by the selling of goods below cost and by the issue of dividends for all. The process must succeed in giving to the consumer purchasing power that does not appear in the prices. The credit must be put in consumers' hands either by a gift of Treasury money obtained by creating credit, or by reducing prices below cost, and making up the difference by a Treasury issue to the producer. The Just Price at which commodities will be sold depends on the equating of production and consumption.

Summarizing the criticism—the Douglas analysis of economic disequilibrium by means of the "A + B Theorem" is devoid of relevant meaning and false in its application, particularly as to the credit function of banks. There is no proof that there is a permanent deficiency of purchasing power in the present economic system. The issue of credit must sooner or later have an inflationary effect leading to a rise in prices, while the Just Price itself is at present, an academic abstraction.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

April 16th

THE chief headline in the papers to-day concerning the budget is to the effect that all the pay cuts in the salaries of State servants are to be wiped out. It would be ungracious not to admit that this shows that the old country is on the mend financially; but, as one who has never been in receipt of a salary from the State, I do want to point out that public servants of all kinds possess tremendous advantages over people in private employment and those who run their own businesses. They have a considerable measure of security of tenure and the advantage of a pension scheme. On the latter count alone one would imagine that anyone in private employment doing similar work to the public servant would receive a larger salary for it, but generally the reverse is the case. This man and the man in business on his own must in their youth and middle-age make provision for their old age. With the fall in the prices of most commodities our public servants will now be better off than they were before their salaries were cut. Many of them think, owing to our existing farming policy, that most farmers are better off to-day than they were at that date. Here and there a farmer may be, but it is correct to say that 99 per cent. of them are decidedly worse off. Even so, provided the favoured class of salaried State employees realizes this, few farmers will grudge them their good fortune. But how many of them do realize it?

April 18th.

Just now the burning question in farming circles is the proposed dropping of the Sugar Subsidy which has been recommended by the Greene Commission. It is easy to sympathize with any farmer who has arranged his farming so that its success depends on the profitable

production of a large acreage of sugar beet in his efforts to get the subsidy continued. If it ceases he is going to suffer financially. But surely the question before the Commission was whether this form of subsidy was a sound farming investment for the nation, not whether a certain number of farmers would suffer if it were withdrawn. Much of the recent argument and writing concerning this vexed question has totally ignored this point. The general idea seems to be, " if that happens some farmers will suffer. Therefore it must be wrong." Farmers must take a wider view than that if they would obtain the continuance of State help for home-produced sugar.

April 19th.

For my sins I was compelled to work yesterday. Good Friday has always been as much of a holiday on the farm as circumstances would permit, but in this case I had an evening broadcasting job in town. London did not seem to hold out any attractions for a countryman by the time I had finished work, so I caught a very late, or rather a very early morning, train home. As a result I have spent a lazy day to-day. Not for me the trials and disappointments of the medal round in doubtful weather, or any other active pursuit. What a change from a few years ago! Age tells its tale. Still, I did raise enough energy to potter round the farm, and glory in the wonderful promise which, as the result of April's rains, was to be seen from the downs to the river. The countryside is away to a flying start, and, unless May is more than usually unkind, a good yield of produce is assured.

April 22nd.

Since my education has been taken in hand by my old horse and my daughter's pony my car mileage has lessened considerably. To-day, Easter Monday, my car never went on the road at all. Instead, I rode both morning and afternoon, and this evening feel pleasantly tired but extraordinarily contented in consequence.

There is no doubt that this new pastime is good for me. Instead of buying medicine and shaking the bottle I dispense with the medicine and shake its one-time container.

April 25th.

To any farmer, would-be farmer, or townsman, I wholeheartedly recommend a series of handbooks published by the Oxford University Press at the Clarendon Press, London, under the title of "Progress in English Farming Systems." In each one some progressive farmer has permitted detailed information of his farming methods to be printed, in many cases together with figures of its financial results. The price of these handbooks is low, from 1s. to 1s. 6d., but the information they contain is invaluable to any reader. The farmer-reader can compare first-class farmers' methods with his own, and the town-reader cannot fail to be impressed with two things—firstly, the amount of capital invested in a farm, and secondly, what painstaking care these progressive farmers take in every detail of their complicated business.

April 28th.

To-day I have been yarning with an eminent doctor, who pointed out to me that to be successful agricultural policy in this country must go hand in hand with a policy for increased consumption. Apparently a man with £2 per week spends 60 per cent. of his income on food; a man with £500 a year spends only 17 per cent. of his income in like fashion; and a man with £2,000 a year spends only an infinitesimal proportion on foodstuffs. In other words, while incomes vary the capacity of the human stomach does not. Obviously then, a tariff on imported food, while it would raise prices, would reduce consumption, and in so doing hit the poorest man hardest, and help farming very little, if at all. But I still think that tariffs would be better business for the nation than subsidies and quotas, especially if the money derived from

them were earmarked to be used to provide the under-nourished section of our population with an ample diet. Indeed, provided this were done to such an extent that consumption was greatly increased, I do not think that the Dominion farmer would greatly object. This, of course, sounds like rank Socialism, and those of us—I am one—who were brought up to believe in the doctrine of " He that does not work, neither shall he eat," will find it difficult to swallow. Indeed, many people would describe it as being grossly immoral. But to suffer many of our countrymen to go without sufficient nourishment when there is such a bounteous supply is surely even more immoral. Besides, when as a result they or their families become ill through under-nourishment, we do provide them with free medical attention. I am beginning to think that free food or rather prevention of many ills would be better than free cure. Anyway, no agricultural policy can be successful unless somehow or other more food is consumed, for we are only at the beginning of increased production in every branch of farming.

April 30th.

To-day, the last day of April, the drowner said to me, " You niver knawed zich a wonnerful April in all your life, an' neether did I, an' I 'low I be nigh on thirty year older than thee." Needless to say I agreed with him, for never have I seen the countryside looking better at this time of year.

May 2nd.

Wilton Fair. The smallest I have ever known. The reason for this is two-fold. Firstly, because modern motor transport of livestock has enabled more and more sheep and cattle to be sold in weekly markets; and secondly, owing to the foot-and-mouth restrictions in Dorset, where some thousands of animals have recently been burned. Grazing cattle were up about 30s. per head. This, of course, is because there is grass every-

where, and consequently mouths to eat it are at a premium. In a barren Spring the reverse is the case.

May 3rd.

Sowed the sugar beet to-day in a fair tilth. Usually I like to get this done during the last week of April, but rain made it impossible last week. At the same time we put in just half an acre of mangolds in order to please our riding horses next winter. Years ago I grew up to forty acres of this crop annually, but now the cows go without. To grow and haul mangolds, which are composed largely of water, to dairy cows is an expensive way of watering them, and now that we have water laid on to every field the need does not arise.

May 4th.

The whole of this island, both town and country, is busy preparing for the Jubilee. This morning I borrowed a side-saddle, and Pam and I broke Toby to carry a lady according to ancient custom. As usual, he behaved like a perfect gentleman. Pam is riding in the local procession as one of the queens of England, but I funked doing the same as a king. My loyalty to our Sovereign is, I hope, well up to average; but it is not sufficient to make me risk my neck by riding either of my horses on the tarmac in a procession with a band going pum-pum close by. Neither of them, although they are both older than Toby, have attained his admirable discretion. But I have.

May 6th.

In order to ensure that Toby should be a trifle tired before the celebrations Pam and I went for a good ride this morning. A mile from home Toby cast a shoe and went dead lame; whereupon his mistress nearly wept, sympathy for her mount and the thought that her queenly ride would have to be abandoned being the reasons. However, she got off and walked him home, whilst I

rode ahead to make love to the blacksmith. I found him busy decorating a wagon in readiness for the festivities. Obviously to put a shoe on a pony at noon on Jubilee Day could not be considered a business proposition. However, I told him the sad story, and he readily agreed to fix up Toby. When Pam arrived he soon disposed of her fears, and took the trouble to rough Toby all round so that he should not slip on the tar. For what it may be worth, this morning in Pam he made a friend for life. But then, he has children of his own, and understood the gravity of the matter. Thereafter we all "jubilized" till a late hour, and went to bed in the small hours feeling all the better for doing so. Just one more note, the weather was perfect.

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Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

IN the current number of *Deutsches Volkstum* the international situation is summed up by Dr. Stapel in these words, "The Powers have reduced their policies to formulas. France wants *Securité*, Great Britain the Collective System, Russia World Revolution, Germany Equality of Status . . . . Political dogma has entered upon the stage of history. The Conferences of Stresa, etc., play the same part in the sphere of politics as the Councils and Synods of Nicæa, Chalcedon, etc., once played in the sphere of religion. We now fight over the correct political Confession of Faith." There is a good deal of truth in this criticism, but the dogmas of the theologians at Nicæa and Chalcedon were absolute, not relative, and there was happily no means of testing their efficacy.

On the other hand, as in the theological controversies of the past there is much muddled thinking, and more than a little confusion as to the meaning of the high-sounding phrases so freely bandied about. For example, does the League of Nations on its political side mean anything more than a Franco-Italo-Russian alliance? Is collective security but another name for the maintenance of the *status quo?* These questions must be answered, for if they are burked one day the world will find that it has been following false gods, and so has fallen into mortal sin. Is it we, the French, the Italians, or the Germans who are the heretics? At any rate, each of us is firmly convinced that orthodoxy is our doxy.

Collective Security

AS the British Government seems wedded to the idea of Collective Security it may not be out of place to examine that policy in some detail. It means that the aggressor will have to count on the passive, if not the

active, hostility of the rest of the world, and the assumption is that this will be sufficient to deter him. The first observation that occurs to the mind is the difficulty of defining the aggressor. The most erudite historians would find it hard to fix the responsibility for ninety per cent. of the wars of the last three centuries (who started the Seven Years' War?), and if the scholar in his study cannot allocate the blame, there is little chance of contemporary politicians being able to do so in the middle of a crisis.

Then, again, what evidence is there that such a decision would be reached in time to be effective? Some Powers would certainly be inclined, for one reason or another, to hesitate, and if they saw the nominally guilty nation successful they would certainly not take sides against her. Also, it is not easy to see how the United States could come into any such scheme without a radical change in her Constitution which would abolish the control of the Senate over her foreign policy. One would also like to know from the admirers of General Smuts in the League of Nations Union whether such a Dominion as South Africa is prepared automatically to act against a so-called aggressor in Central or Eastern Europe. These are all questions that must be satisfactorily answered before one can support the Collective System, which otherwise can be but a synonym for bigger and better wars.

An Essential Condition

TO superimpose such a system on the chaotic Europe of to-day is like building a bridge across the crater of a volcano without making certain that the latter is extinct. It is true that Castlereagh and Metternich pursued a somewhat similar policy with success after the Congress of Vienna, but then they took care to negotiate a reasonable peace, and saw that its conditions were observed. After the late war we dictated an

impossible peace, and then, when it proved unworkable, winked at one violation of it after another. Had the defeated Powers been granted moderate terms, and strong States been constituted on their frontiers, the Collective System might have been a possibility. To-day it is putting the cart before the horse.

As has been pointed out in these columns before, there is, except in the minds of the politicians and the Press, no crisis, and no need for hurry, save in so far as the acceleration of British re-armament is concerned. The proper course of procedure is to take the Peace Treaties away from Geneva altogether, revise them by mutual agreement, and reform the League. Once that has been done it will be time enough to think about systems for maintaining peace, if any such are necessary. The first thing, however, is for every politician and editor to repeat ten times before breakfast, " There is no international crisis."

Herr Hitler's Speech

THE speech delivered by Herr Hitler at the Knoll Opera House on May 21st is one of the most important pronouncements of policy that has yet been made by Nazi Germany. At the same time it can be interpreted in one of two ways. It may be an appeal to Great Britain to aid Germany to dispel the illusions which are prevalent among the latter's neighbours, or it may be a subtle attempt to divide London from Paris and Rome. Experience of German diplomacy since 1870 affords considerable justification for those who take the latter view, and it is now the task of Berlin to show that these suspicions are quite unfounded. The onus of proof is on Germany.

To pass from the general to the particular. Herr Hitler reiterates his readiness to conclude non-aggression pacts with his neighbours individually (except Lithuania) and " to complete these by provisions aiming to isolate

warring parties and localize the hotbed of war." This comes very near Canning's definition of British foreign policy as aiming at limiting the range of wars as far as possible, but it is far removed from the multilateral pacts so dear to some of the Continental Powers. What Herr Hitler did not state in this connection was how far he was prepared to go in the matter of Austria, and that is the acid test of his sincerity. Incidentally, in view of German propaganda in the latter country, it is strange to hear the master of the Reich deprecate the " poisoning of public opinion through irresponsible elements using spoken or written word, film or theatre."

The Question of Armaments

IN the matter of naval armaments the limitation of the German Navy to 35 per cent. of our own would appear unobjectionable, but if the military strength of the Reich is to be unalterably fixed at its present level that may prove a serious obstacle to any arrangement with France. As for the demilitarized zone, it is an understandable grievance, but it is one that will only be removed when political friction has been eliminated. After all, Germany started the last war and Germany lost it: that particular provision of the Treaty of Versailles was among the least objectionable of its provisions.

Enough has been said to show that the Powers, not least Great Britain, would be well advised to take the speech seriously, and to ask Herr Hitler exactly what he means. If he is bluffing, then the sooner his bluff is called the better: if he is in earnest, then let us see whether his proposals cannot be made to furnish the basis for a settlement. We must not risk a repetition of the blunder of April, 1932, when the summary rejection of Dr. Brünning's extremely moderate proposals threw Germany into the arms of the extremists. At the same time the British Government cannot afford to falter in

its task of re-armament, for bitter experience has shown that the stronger is Great Britain, the greater is the chance of peace in Europe.

The Position of Austria

IT is high time that the realities of the Danubian situation were faced and not hidden behind a smoke-screen of pious platitudes about safeguarding the independence of Austria, and so on. The fact is that none of the Great Powers or of her neighbours will let the country work out her own salvation for fear she might take a line contrary to their interests. By far the two strongest sections of Austrian opinion want either the Habsburgs or the *Anschluss*, but these are the very solutions barred by those who never cease to express their concern for the country's independence.

A friend who has had special opportunities for getting into touch with working-class opinion writes: "To my mind the situation in Austria is most dangerous. The workers are becoming pro-Nazi as Hitler's agents are playing anti-Semitism very cleverly. I believe that only a Habsburg restoration would stop the rot." There can be little doubt that many Nazis, and not a few Socialists, would rally to the Archduke Otto, but the Courts of Belgrade and Bucarest are paradoxically insisting that Austria must remain a republic. Upon one point all Austrians are agreed, namely, that the present state of affairs cannot continue; yet that is precisely the situation that the country's so-called friends are prepared to perpetuate, by force if necessary. It would be ludicrous if it were not so serious.

The Future of Greece

GREECE is one of the few countries about whose future it is possible to be optimistic, for although she has troubles they are not bound up with the international situation, so she can solve them in her own way. The

elections are to be held on June 3rd for what will be in effect a Constituent Assembly. The result is not in doubt, for it will be an overwhelming victory for the Tsaldaris-Condylis administration which crushed the Venezelist revolt, while a number of seats will go to General Metaxas and his newly-formed Royalist group. This does not mean that the latter will be the only monarchists in the Assembly, for a great many of those who desire a Restoration are standing as Government candidates. Several of the present ministers are actively working for the return of King George II.

The Assembly will meet at the end of June, and will then decide whether to hold a plebiscite at once upon the question of the régime, or wait until the new Constitution is promulgated. In the meantime the King has let it be known that he prefers a monarchy on the English or Danish model, and this, combined with his appeal for clemency on behalf of the Venezelist rebels, has greatly enhanced his popularity. When he arrived at Port Said a few weeks ago on his return from India, he found waiting for him representatives of every Greek community in Egypt, and shook hands with more than three thousand people. It is understood, too, that his return to the throne would be favourably regarded in Paris.

A British Interest

TO the man-in-the-street in this country Greece seems so remote that what occurs there appears not to concern him. This is by no means the case. There is a great deal of British money invested in various Greek loans, and holders have recently not been offered more than 35 per cent. of the interest due to them. A peaceful Greece would enable her government to increase this percentage, and eleven years of republican rule have proved that tranquility is possible only under the monarchy. If, too, the country is weak, it will be a

prey to every sort of intrigue, domestic and foreign, and in these days of a reduced navy it is a vital British interest that unrest in the Mediterranean should be reduced to a minimum.

King George II is a friend of Great Britain, where he has often resided during his exile, and we have not so many friends in the world at the present time that we can afford to dispense with any one of them. The violence of the parties in Greece can only be tempered by the return of the monarchy, which stands above all, and which represents the interest of the nation as a whole. Nor will the King go back as the nominee of one faction, for every section of opinion, including the Venezelist, is coming to the conclusion that he is the only solution. It would be a fitting conclusion to the Silver Jubilee for our Sovereign's cousin to be restored to his throne at Athens.

The Far East

ALTHOUGH it is unfortunately only too true that the British public can think of but one thing at a time, that does not excuse the Government for neglecting the Far East because of its pre-occupation in Europe. A careful study of recent official pronouncements with regard to that quarter leads to the conclusions that (*a*) we shall do nothing to offend the United States, or (*b*) to offend Japan; which must mean (*c*) that we have no policy at all. This raises the further question of the future of the Singapore base. What sort of fleet is to use it, and what purpose is that fleet to serve?

These questions are not asked in any carping spirit, but because an early answer is vital for the whole problem of Imperial defence. Either the forces at Singapore must be strong enough to dominate the Far East without waiting for reinforcement from Europe, or we must have a friendly understanding with a Far Eastern Power. The English taxpayer would hardly be likely to foot the

bill, which would be enormous, for the former policy, and the latter can only mean co-operation with Japan, for any agreement with the United States is impossible. When people with the knowledge of Dr. Gooch (*vide* the *Sunday Times* of May 19th) denounce what they call Japanese Imperialism, one wonders what they propose to do about it. There is no other line possible for Great Britain in the Far East but friendship with Japan, and the sooner our statesmen cease truckling to Washington the sooner our position, both political and economic, in the Orient will improve.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HUGH KINGSMILL**

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Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

Napoleon and Marie Louise

IN the December of last year more than three hundred letters from Napoleon to his second wife, Marie Louise, were discovered, and have now been published in an English translation, with a running commentary from Monsieur Charles de la Roncière, and an introduction by Mr. Philip Guedalla (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). "Probably not for a hundred years," says M. de la Roncière, "has there been such an important contribution to history." This, like the devotion of M. de la Roncière to the memory of Napoleon, is extreme, and most readers

of these letters will agree with the more temperate remark of Mr. Guedalla—" a rich addition to his personalia."

Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, was eighteen when she married Napoleon, who was forty. To the attractions of youth and prettiness she added the fascination of belonging to the proudest royal house in Europe. Napoleon, in whom a balanced sense of reality was at no time a marked quality, seems to have been more intoxicated by this trophy of his skill and daring than by any other of his triumphs. His descent to disaster had begun before his second marriage, but the speed of the descent quickened sharply after 1810, and in 1812 Napoleon set out on his insane Russian campaign. During this campaign Napoleon wrote constantly to Marie Louise. M. de la Roncière, who is deeply touched by Napoleon's consideration in writing cheerfully to his young bride in the midst of the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, overlooks the fact that these letters were bulletins from the front. It would not have furthered Napoleon's interests either in Paris or Vienna, had he written from the banks of the Beresina that he didn't know if he was on his head or his heels. There are, however, signs of real affection in these letters, and Marie Louise also was, at this time, very much in love. During the Russian campaign she wrote to a friend that a single day without a letter from her husband sufficed to drive her to despair; but when her father joined Napoleon's enemies, and he was forced back towards Paris, her affection began to decline very quickly. While Napoleon was fighting for his life, his brother Joseph was making up to Marie Louise. " I say it again," Napoleon wrote to her, " keep the King (Joseph) away from your trust and from yourself, if you care for my satisfaction and happiness." Napoleon's son, who was only three, suffered far more than his mother during this terrible period. " Your son," Marie wrote, " sends you a kiss; he is in splendid health. He slept very badly last night; he had a terribly restless night, and cried

a great deal in his sleep. We asked him what had been the matter. He said that he had dreamed of his dear papa, but wouldn't say what he had dreamed. We could not get him to tell us anything whatever about it." When Marie Louise fled from Paris, this extraordinary child, whom Napoleon had doubtless spent many leisure hours in impressing with the gigantic greatness of his father, cried " I will not leave home. Papa being away, I am the master." A year later, when his mother was with her husband's enemies in Vienna, and about to enter into an affair with an Austrian general, her son said to the French envoy who had come to ask Marie Louise to rejoin her husband—" Monsieur Méra, please tell him I love him as much as ever." The separation from the son whom he had hoped to train as the successor to his empire caused Napoleon intense suffering, and in the pathetic letters he wrote to Marie Louise while he still hoped she would follow him to Elba, he ends each letter with " a loving kiss to my son." But neither pity nor pride nor even vanity could nerve the trivial Marie Louise to take the step which would have preserved her from the permanent contempt of mankind.

Sir Walter Raleigh

IN the introduction to his biography of Raleigh (" Sir Walter Raleigh. The Last of the Elizabethans." Macmillan, 15s.) Mr. Edward Thompson writes : " Footnotes are out of fashion, and readers have become intolerant of documented studies." If a biographer does not enforce conviction by his treatment of his subject, no amount of footnotes will avail him, and if he does enforce conviction his readers will take it for granted that he has good authority for his statements. When Mr. Thompson wishes to tell us that Raleigh was a great reader, he writes that he was " known as ' an indefatigable reader '," and refers us to a footnote for his authority—Naunton, " Fragmenta Regalia." We could have taken

Mr. Thompson's word for Raleigh's love of reading without Naunton, for whom Mr. Thompson elsewhere expresses great contempt, being called as witness.

The essential quality in a biographer is that he shall see his subject as a whole. No amount of knowledge will make up for a lack of imaginative unity in a portrait. Mr. Thompson's life of Raleigh is full of information, and shows much narrative and descriptive ability, but he sees Raleigh's qualities as separate fragments of a whole which he is unable to grasp. Whether Mr. Thompson thinks of Raleigh as a sensitive and profound spirit somewhat tarnished by ambition, or as an unscrupulous and confused adventurer with gleams of poetry and insight into reality, it is impossible to say. In one place he excuses Raleigh's ruthless cruelty in Ireland by generalizing it as an Elizabethan foible: "Ethics came late to the men of Raleigh's generation, and their coming was not hastened by this using of Ireland as a finishing school to the French religious wars and the semi-piracy of privateering." Elsewhere he exposes the casuistry of this suggestion that the Elizabethans approached ethics from an angle of their own by quoting Burleigh on the Irish campaigns: "The Flemings had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards as the Irish against the tyranny of England." In a moment of reckless prostration before his idol, Mr. Thompson calls Bacon "one of the two contemporaries who might claim intellectual equality with him" (Raleigh), the other presumably being Shakespeare. In a cooler mood he writes: "as a matter of fact, Raleigh often *was* a fool," and this uneasiness about his hero can often be discerned beneath his hyberbolic praise.

The complex character and imperfect achievements of Raleigh require to be treated by someone who has long outlived the stage of existence in which an Elizabethan adventurer sailing the Spanish Main summed up all the glory and greatness of life. Mr. Thompson seems not to have left that stage very far behind him. His worship

of Raleigh is often mawkish, and sometimes hysterical, as will be clear to anyone who reads the letter of Raleigh's which Mr. Thompson calls "the most astonishingly beautiful letter in our language."

Bernard Bosanquet

A REALLY delightful character, modest, sensitive and free from envy and malice, discloses itself in the letters of Bernard Bosanquet ("Bernard Bosanquet and His Friends, and Letters illustrating the sources and the development of his philosophical opinions." Edited by Professor J. H. Muirhead. Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.). The philosophic masters of Bosanquet were Plato, Kant and Hegel. Bosanquet, to put his belief as briefly as possible, held that there was an absolute reality which revealed itself in all human experience, while transcending even the highest of these forms in harmony and fullness.

It is not a philosopher's belief in an ultimate reality, but the form his belief takes, which is important. Hegel, intellectually an idealist but emotionally a materialist, put the Absolute into a Prussian uniform. Bosanquet was far too gentle and too English to follow Hegel all the way in his deification of the State, but he was too lacking in imaginative force to find reality in himself, and therefore tried to see the State as a kind of half-way house between the individual and the Absolute. The State, he wrote in a letter before the war, is "at the disadvantage of having no 'separate consciousness' attached to a private body, but unless one is going to say that the Absolute must have a private body, I don't much see that that matters." When the war broke out, it occurred to Bosanquet, though not very clearly, that it is not the true function of the State to be a kind of relative Absolute in whose blind impulses the individual may find a provisional completion, pending his transference from time to eternity. "If the German people," he wrote, "would take a disgust to their military system, and erect

a true democracy, I think we should fraternize." But he did not attempt to reconcile this hope with Hegel's pronouncement that the State expresses the domination of the general power over the liberty of the individual.

A mild aloofness from experience is the prevailing note of these letters. In a letter to a friend, whose wife had just been delivered, Bosanquet's thoughts are with the perturbation of his brother philosopher, not with the suffering of the mother. " I am glad the business is so well over; it must be a horrible anxiety. Pray tell Mrs. Peters how glad I am that she and the new creature are well." A certain distaste for the raw material of a thinker's speculations is perceptible in that " new creature."

This Other Eden

ENGLAND By DOUGLAS JERROLD. (Arrowsmith. 5s. net.)

MACAULAY would have required about two-thirds of the current number of the ENGLISH REVIEW in order to satisfy himself that he was doing justice to Mr. Jerrold's book; and though, after writing his criticism, he would only have done justice to Macaulay, his stipulation as to space would not have been excessive. It is impossible in a normal review to give anything but a hint of the compact thought and pregnant observation within the covers of *England*, which, since Macaulay has been mentioned, might be sub-titled " What Every Schoolboy Does Not Know." Fortunately the hint is easy to give because one has only to open the book at any page to find quotable and provocative matter.

After disposing of the Romans, the Danes, the Angles and the Saxons in about fifteen pages, Mr. Jerrold whisks us through the Middle Ages in another fifteen, informing us in transit that it was to the Black Death " and not to the defects of kings, priests or the system, that the rapid disintegration of the Mediæval system in England was due "; and treating us to such shrewd

comments as this concerning Wycliff: "History can, however, tell us one thing with certainty . . . those who claim to overthrow authority on the ground of their own virtue invariably end by establishing a tyranny." Next he deals with the birth of modern England, telling us that the Elizabethan Poor Law "marked the elevation of poverty to the dignity of a crime and stamped on the new order the hall-mark of modernity." Coming to the Puritan movement, he explains that "the history of the world is the history of minorities" and that "Geneva was the Moscow of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries."

Mr. Jerrold seldom goes wrong in his diagnoses of movements, but he is not so sound when dealing with men. He describes Cromwell as "a solitary figure of sombre genius, without cause and without effect." Sombre is hardly the world to describe a man whose "piercing sweetness" of manner struck his contemporaries; and a one-man policy that found England despised on the continent and left her respected cannot with truth be dismissed as "without effect." But no historian is always right, and the extraordinary thing about this work is that every paragraph keeps the brain working at high pressure. It is not a bedside-book.

The establishment of the Bank of England is given its proper place in our history. "The City realized," says Mr. Jerrold, "that by lending money to the Government it could . . . control the policy of the Government over an indefinite period, and agreed to finance the French wars by loans, in return for a bank charter given to the original bondholders. As with so many revolutions, the full significance of this action was unrealized at the time. The money was intended to be repaid. The inability of successive Governments to do so involved nothing less decisive than the surrender to a group of money-lenders of the sovereign's prerogative to issue money and to determine its value." With the advent of steam a different sort of revolution occurred: "The country gentlemen went into the City and their tenants into the slums. Man was remembered at the polling booth. Society was forgotten in the mean streets. The age of freedom had begun." For nearly a century the aristocracy of commerce ruled England; then, with the discovery of gold in South Africa, the gamblers had a turn: "By describing the black man's gold as the white man's burden, English politicians even contrived to impart a moral tone to the unravelling of the strange tangle of rascality on the Rand."

From colonial expansion to Colney Hatch was an easy step, and Mr. Jerrold devotes a few pages to the causes of the 1914 war, a few more pages to the peace which raged all over Europe from 1918 to 1931, and then he settles down to a survey of the contemporary scene. Here we may disagree with his conclusions, but few will deny the pungency of his analysis. In the chapter entitled "England Under State Capitalism" he says that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in his Budget statement of 1934, "enunciated a new and revolutionary principle" when he decided that half the disposable surplus should be used to increase the income of civil servants, for in this way taxation became "not a method by which the community corporately provides itself with essential services, but a fund to be divided between different interests with political claims on the State."

It is hardly fair to extract the salt with which the author of *England* savours his work, but here are a few grains: "You cannot love liberty and equality." "We are a good-humoured rather than a good-natured people." "If we have lost the Nelson touch we have at least preserved his blind eye."

Out of several hundreds, the average intelligent man is only likely to take serious exception to two of Mr. Jerrold's statements. He suggests that the majority of people "realize that it is in creative activity and not in the consumption of goods or the enjoyment of leisure that man fulfils his destiny by fulfilling the demands of his nature." If this is so, it merely means that most people have been brought up to toil and cannot imagine a life of leisure and comfort. The relatively few who have been trained from infancy to enjoy leisure picture Hell as a place of toil. Mr. Jerrold also asserts that "the story of starvation in the midst of plenty is a lie." But which is the lie: that there is starvation, or that there is plenty? Let us put it in another way to reassure him. There is a great deal of malnutrition among the poorer classes of England, while a great deal of food is destroyed or allowed to rot because of the lack of purchasing power.

HESKETH PEARSON.

New Letters by Sterne

LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE. Edited by LEWIS PERRY CURTIS. (Oxford. Clarendon Press. 30s. net.)

THIS volume, the work of an American editor, purports to be the first definitive edition of Sterne's letters that has ever been issued. On his own showing Mr. Curtis has been engaged in its preparation for no less than ten years and he is already known as the author of a small and comparatively unimportant book on Sterne's politics. But it is one thing to plan a complete edition and another to carry it out to everybody's satisfaction, particularly when the material is so elusive as the original text of Sterne's correspondence. Few of the manuscripts of Sterne's letters are in existence; his daughter, Mrs. Medalle, who published over a hundred of them in 1775, made such alterations as she judged advisable to preserve the honour of the family, and finally, there are the forgeries of William Combe, known chiefly, if at all, to posterity as the author of "Dr. Syntax."

Mr. Curtis's treatment of the problem of the Combe forgeries is quite the most unsatisfactory feature of his rather unsatisfactory book. He tells his readers that he has excluded forty-seven letters from the canon and adds :—"A summary of my reasons for so doing will be found in a forthcoming issue of 'Publications of the Modern Language Association.'" If we could feel complete confidence in Mr. Curtis's competence to distinguish a genuine work of Sterne from a counterfeit, perhaps we might not feel so strongly that he should at least have printed the forty-seven letters in an appendix and left us to make up our minds for ourselves. But a horrid suspicion creeps in when we find that he does not so much as mention the volume published in 1929 by Miss Margaret R. B. Shaw under the title of "Second Journal to Eliza." This was a reprint of a two-volume work, which originally appeared under another title in 1779, and although the authorship was actually claimed by Combe, Miss Shaw's contention that the letters which it contains were largely the product of Sterne's own hand appears to the present reviewer to be unassailable. Mr. Curtis completely neglects this important question, and although his book, with its ten hitherto unpublished letters of Sterne's and its copious wealth of annotation, will be indispensable for some time to come to all students of that author, it cannot by any means be regarded as the definitive edition of

his correspondence that we should naturally expect from a volume sponsored by the Oxford Press.

The annotation is sometimes unnecessarily thorough; it is irritating to find whole lines taken up by the exact biblical references to Jehu's driving, Nebuchadnezzar's oven, the wings of the morning and *nunc dimittis*, to say nothing of those to Sterne's echoes of such Shakespearean commonplaces as "Man delights not me—nor Woman," "remember thee! Pale Ghost—remember thee," or "I'll love thee for the dangers thou hast past." The implication on p. 18 that "the feathered race" is copied from the expression "feather'd Youth" in Thomson's "Seasons" is something else than irritating; it is absurd.

WILLIAM KING.

Lord Delamere and Kenya

WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY: LORD DELAMERE AND THE MAKING OF KENYA. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. 2 vols. (25s. net.)

LORD DELAMERE was an Imperialist in the "grand" as opposed to the pompous style, and his life is a study of individual genius *versus* the planners. His energy was tempestuous and expressed itself, in youth, in riding borrowed bicycles down a steep hill, leaping off just before they crashed into a wall. He built an hotel in Kenya, and then led a party of settlers to smash its windows with oranges. Confronted with a bureaucratic land office he set natives to pile brushwood under its windows, and was about to burn it down when the terrified officials surrendered.

Delamere knew that the highlands of Kenya could and should be settled by Englishmen. He set out to prove it. His sheep died, his cattle were stolen, his wheat rusted, his health broke down, his funds failed. He lived with his wife in a rude hut, spent his evenings talking to Masai herdsmen, and finally triumphed. He became the adored leader of the Europeans: the protagonist of their many battles with the politicians.

Kenya's history begins with one of the many blunders which have made the empire. A hopelessly uneconomic railway into

the interior was built and colonization was permitted in order to find freight for it. "Planning" would have left the Kenya highlands unexplored; probably the French or Germans would have filled them.

The enemies of the settlers in Kenya are locusts and verbiage. Verbiage is the most serious enemy. Parliamentarians and officials are fertile in phrases—"Paramountcy of native interests," "Dual policy," "Indian partnerships in the Empire," "Mandatory responsibilities in Tanganyika." These resounding phrases tickle divisionist ears in England, but have a knack of being found out in Africa. What, in fact, are "native interests" and how are they to be made "paramount"? Are low caste imported coolies in fact "partners" with anybody? Delamere was more concerned with facts than theories, but in so far as he had a theory it was the old fashioned one that white civilization was better than black barbarism, and that contact with the best British element was the only means of securing African developments. He also believed that the opening up of new areas by genuine colonization was to the advantage of the world.

In England this simple creed is contested, and it is often deemed more truly progressive to hand over the management of native races to naturally sympathetic alliances of clowns and witch-doctors; leaving the natives in an artificial state of arrested development until the amateur anthropologists of Bloomsbury can create the perfect synthesis of Fetishism and Fabianism.

Delemere disagreed.

The book is well written and beautifully illustrated.

IDDESLEIGH.

Days That Are Gone

QUEEN VICTORIA. By E. F. BENSON. (Longmans. 16s. net.)

IN dealing with Victorianism it has become almost a convention to follow the example set by Lytton Strachey and approach the period and all that in it was from an angle of irony. True enough there were figures of fun in the era, but there were also figures of

distinction. This is a fact that is apt to be overlooked by the neo-Georgians.

Nobody is better qualified than E. F. Benson to write such a book as this. A mid-Victorian himself, he brings to the task the gifts of scholarship and ability, plus a knowledge of his subject. The result is, here one gets the real woman, instead of the straw-stuffed puppet dangled by too many biographers.

Although she kept her vague promise to the Teutonic Lehzen that she would be "good," the young Queen was not popular at the start. There was much to live down in the Hanoverian legacy she had inherited. "Her Court was pure; her life serene," sang the mellifluous Tennyson. The first half of this assertion can be accepted; as to the second one, however—well, poets have had their licences endorsed for less.

With the passage of years, the nose of "Uncle Leopold" (whom she had once declared to be "a model for every Sovereign") was put out of joint by Melbourne. Victoria—notwithstanding a classic assertion to the contrary—liked being "amused"; and Melbourne was witty and entertaining, whereas Leopold was a dull dog and a champion prig. *The Times*, not given to mincing words, once called him "Leopold Brummagen." Victoria's matured and acid comment was, "Dear Uncle is given to believe that he must rule the roast everywhere. However, this is not a necessity."

Throughout her long life Queen Victoria had unshaken beliefs in three individuals, not one of whom could, she felt, possibly commit a slip of any description. The first was Providence; the second was herself; and the third was Albert. The man on whom she bestowed her hand and all her heart was a bureaucrat, rather than an aristocrat, by instinct. As a higher division civil servant, he would have been in his element, doing his job industriously and capably, and qualifying for a well-merited O.B.E.

On the death of "My Angel," Victoria was perilously near becoming a hypochondriac; and, when begged by the Cabinet to play her part in State affairs, protested that she was "a poor widow, nervous and shrinking." It was left to Disraeli to extract his Royal mistress from the Albertian slough in which she threatened to be engulfed. By the flattery and wiles of his race, "Dizzy" drew her out of the shell into which she had withdrawn; and, but for his astuteness, the Albertian age might have lingered longer.

"I am determined," wrote the young Queen in 1837, "to employ my time well, so that, when I am called away from this world, my end may be a peaceful and happy one." Sixty-three years later, the old Queen had her wish.

In selecting and arranging his material, Mr. Benson does not care a fig for the judgments of his predecessors. He has his own. "Punch" Greville is very properly put in the corner; and, with him, several other Peeping Toms and below-stairs gossipers. The portrait of Victoria limned in these pages stands out warm and colourful. If biographies were admitted at Burlington House, this one should be "on the line."

HORACE WYNDHAM.

Weimar and Hitler

THE FALL OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC. A POLITICAL STUDY. By R. T. CLARK. (Allen and Unwin 15s.)

THE first time Mr. Clark mentions Hitler he describes him as follows "self-educated, uneducated, conceited, he hated the milieu to which he had been reduced, hated the class conscious elements in it, and hated even more, with all the cheap hatred of the *déclassé*, the smug, comfortable citizens of whose society he had been deprived."

Later in the book he tells us that the middle classes in Germany suffered greater agony from the constant apprehension of final declassment than from all the privations which resulted from the post-war economic jazz. Mr. Clark fails to point out that this is just where Hitler came in. In his ideal of Germany he gave to the middle classes something to strive for, to sacrifice themselves for, other than their class status.

Although Mr. Clark sees in Hitler no qualities other than those of slick salesmanship, he appreciates the significance of Hitler's having put the z into Nationalism. Nation, as a German word, is as old as Luther, who consecrated the phrase *das heilige Reich deutscher Nation*. But by putting z or k for c or t the German language transforms a purely intellectual idea into a full-bodied expression of the will. Call an Englishman cynical, and he will disclaim the aspersion, but feel rather gratified. Tell a German he is *zynisch*, and he will go pale—you are telling him that he's the

sort of man who would treat his sister as Darius did when she was about to bear him a child. The language has a corresponding effect upon negative words—*harmlos*, unlike harmless, denotes a positive quality of golden-hearted simplicity. All positive words acquire a more sinister flavour when Germanicized, and nearly all the political labels are of foreign origin.

Mr. Clark's exhaustive account of the party manœuvrings in the post-Stresemann era—Stresemann was a great patriot, and he is Mr. Clark's hero—is sufficiently nauseating in itself to account for the fact that the word *Partei* came to denote every sort of moral depravity. In Germany there was never an organic connection between the party, its members in the Reichstag and the ministers. The Weimar Constitution followed an abdication. It had not the organic strength of a form of government which has emerged from a real struggle; it was itself infected with the abdication virus. The parties operated in the void; the Civil Service initiated legislation. Governments tended more and more to ignore the Reichstag, and to derive their authority from the President.

But it imposed too great a strain on the structure of the Weimar Constitution to make it operate like the pre-war government with Hindenburg in place of Wilhelm. In the end the Constitution had to go.

Mr. Clark tells pretty clearly how all this happened, but he fails to explain at all why Adolf Hitler was the man who cleared up the mess. Apart from reducing every public figure in post-Stresemann Germany to the level of intriguing schoolboys under a senile headmaster, he does nothing to substantiate his description of Hitler.

BRIAN LUNN.

Lola Montes

THE MAGNIFICENT MONTEZ. By HORACE WYNDHAM. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

THE lives of nineteenth century "Paphians" are apt to make dull reading, because, apart from the fact that the physical fascination of a woman cannot be conveyed to a reader except by a writer of very great genius, the majority of them were such stupid

creatures. In the Classical world the courtesan was trained in the arts of singing and dancing as well as in that of intelligent conversation. Poor tired philosophers and politicians thus found her intellectually stimulating as well as physically alluring. If she was a woman of parts she could acquire a legitimate fame and enjoy considerable social prestige. The standard was lower and the conditions of life harder in early Victorian days, when Lola Montez flourished. What gives her career more interest than that of many of her rivals is the fact that she had the physical courage which so often accompanies a cold and sensual temperament, combined with a pleasing Irish *brio*. All the same, her biographer, who has accomplished his task with an industry and skill worthy of a better subject, cannot prevent us from realizing that, during most of the twenty-four hours, she must have been a crashing bore. The only lover she had of any real distinction was the Abbé Liszt. " She annoyed, she irritated him during his hours of work," until, finally, he ran away from her, without leaving any address, " but not without having first locked this most wearisome of inamoratas up in her room." She could not dance, and it was only when " she was off " (the stage) " that she was acting " at all effectively. But she had a certain shrewdness; and her success in her profession was due to her understanding of the close connection, in men, between vanity, snobbishness and sexual appetite. This led her to make a great effort to " hook a prince." After hooking, and discarding, Henry LXXII of Reuss, one of the greatest asses in the whole of Germany, she succeeded in capturing the senile affections of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, who created her Countess of Landsfeld. Unfortunately, the nineteenth century, even in Bavaria, ejected the eighteenth and in the revolutionary turmoil of 1848 both she and her royal lover were discarded. (The suggestion that she " made history " is, of course, ludicrous.) Armed with her absurd title and her publicity value as a king's mistress, she carried on professionally until the time came for her to go on a lecture tour in the United States. Before this she had made a " left-handed marriage " with a young fool with money named Cornet Heald, who had an aunt. (Cornet Heald's aunt, briefly touched in by Mr. Wyndham, was, perhaps, the most thrilling personality Lola ever encountered.) In America she married a journalist named Patrick Purdy Hull, carried him off to a mining camp and got bored with him. " Lola pushed Patrick down the stairs, heaved his grip out of the

window and ordered him to quit." It was her last flare-up. Later, after dabbling in spiritualism, "instead of taking to the bottle she took to the Bible," and became a Methodist. There is a note in her diary, dated September 10th, 1859, which states: "How many, many years of my life have been sacrificed to Satan and my own love of sin!" This book is a highly moral work. Most male readers of to-day, when they come to the end of it, will repeat with heartfelt relief rather than with envy—the famous Latin tag: *non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.* Thank God for that!

DOUGLAS GOLDING.

Fiction

THE CARRETA. By B. TRAVEN. Translated by BASIL CREIGHTON. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

RED, GREEN AND AMBER. By PETER TRAILL. (Grayson & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

MUNDOS: AN UNFINISHED NOVEL. By STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

OUTSIDE Europe but including the continent of North America, no country is less familiar to most of us than Mexico. We read of its elections in the form of revolutions, of the present persecution of the Church. We have a vague idea of its peons or native Indians, of its attractions for certain English writers in recent years, but the picture is blurred. Consequently, the new novel of Mr. B. Traven has the interest of a revelation. It is the story of a young Indian, brought up like other peons on a finca in the unescapable conditions of serfdom, who is gambled by his master to a man engaged in the carrying trade, and hence destined to the strenuous life of conducting a train of bullock carts over incredible roads from town to town at the risk of life and limb, not to mention the attacks of brigands. The book gives a minute, but short and always interesting, account of the daily life of these serfs and of their beasts, doomed to hopeless toil and ignorant enough to suppose their plight inevitable. With a pleasing irony that is rarely forced, the corruption of the officials, the ignorance of the peons, the acquiescence of the Church, are related with apparent accuracy. The book appears to be a tissue of minutely

observed facts, and the ghastly results on human life are presented as normal, since they are no doubt characteristic of all countries in which a subject race has been exploited by another race for centuries. That subjection is taken for granted by both sides, and the book only needs more reference to recent political events to be apparently an up-to-date picture. We learn nothing of the recent quarrel with the Church, or of the reason why this has been made the scapegoat, for officialdom is here shown to be as corrupt and exploiting as anybody. The novel has the interest of a biography also, and it ends with the love stories of two Indians, which is as human and pathetic as their conditions of life are hard. Nothing is over-emphasized, and both novel-readers and readers of travel in remote countries will equally admire the author's vividness and skill. It is a memorable achievement.

The talent of Mr. Peter Traill is in essence dramatic, and readers of his novels and short stories remember them for some tense scene that seems to have escaped from the stage. For this reason the best story in his new collection is the one that approaches most nearly a one-act play, the story called " The Lady on the Sofa." But there is variety: a few are macabre, a few are comedies. Almost all turn on a surprise, and on the quality and convincing power of the surprise the merit of the stories depends. The first, however, after a moment of shock, leaves the reader in the air, and this scarcely accords with the author's proficiency and experience. All his openings hold attention. The reader is borne swiftly along, and it is much that a situation should be vividly conceived even if its resolution sometimes falters. The stories, too, have something of France as well as something of the theatre, and the collection has therefore an uncommon appeal.

Admirers of the late Stella Benson will not fail to read this very nearly finished novel that survives her. Mundos is the name of an island in the Atlantic under British rule, and the subject of the book is less its plot than the collection of Civil Servants who govern the island and the unsophisticated natives among whom they live. Miss Benson, as we know, had personal experience of such places and persons, and perhaps the length of her experience explains why every person is a type and why this island seems to be less a particular spot than a typically small Crown colony. The well-meaning Governor has no understanding of the natives, who revenge themselves against his " reforms " by burning every motor-car upon the island. His wife regards herself as the mate of

a Successful Civil Servant. Their stunted son is a type of the discrepancy between the visible and the inner self that all of us know. The professor and the other officials are types of their kind, and the natives of natives under a veneer of Western culture. Indeed, were not Francis Cole, the dwarf, there to remind us that Miss Benson saw all human beings as masks protecting incongruous egos, we should complain that her characters are all abstractions in this book, and it becomes a question whether preoccupation with officialdom on the fringes of the empire did not exaggerate her tendency to see everybody acting some part that could never be themselves. The consequent opportunities for comic narrative create the plot in which the Governor's wife imagines herself in love with the professor, in which the professor hides the student who burnt the Governor's car, in which the Governor's son is ship-wrecked in a remote cove on the island, in which the riotous student is mysteriously murdered, and in which the solution of the tangle is left unresolved at its most exciting point where the manuscript unfortunately stops. For the true Bensonian more than enough remains to be well worth having, but the unconverted will remain doubtful of the sufficiency of this talented writer's estimate of even the most typical of human " types."

Miss Benson's talent is the opposite of Mr. Traven's. She was abstract and analytic, he is so pictorial that every one of his books—on mining, on the sea, on the peons—leaves the impression that he has known no other life than that described. Mr. Traill, a born playwright, is puzzling because he writes so many other things beside plays. The common virtue of these three books is their display of three uncommon kinds of originality.

OSBERT BURDETT.

An Irish Adventurer

IN SEARCH OF HISTORY. By VINCENT SHEEAN. (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.)

No doubt effective with some of the public, the check-plus-fours-with-a-silk-hat or peas-with-a-knife puffing and advertising of this book, together with its choice as a book of the month, may

make other people think that it should at all costs be avoided. The feeling is best conquered, for otherwise those other people will be missing what is in its way a good thing. In its way, I am careful to say, because of course the effect of ballyhoo is somewhat to misrepresent what it hoos and bawls about. Mr. Sheean is a journalist. He no longer, he says, works for newspapers, but one may be a journalist in books as much as in periodicals, and to be enjoyed for all it is worth the present volume is best rated as journalism and no more.

Mr. Sheean is a Chicago Irishman, self-conscious, liable to impulsive enthusiasms and dislikes, and especially of marked personal charm. I know, for I know him. I first met him in 1921 when, fresh from the University of Chicago, he came on the staff of the newspaper I was myself then working for in New York. I last ran into him on the threshold of Bush House in 1929. The book deals chiefly, as it happens, with his life between those two dates, and it is his strong charm that accounts to some extent for the kind of adventures which he had in this period and wholly for the attractiveness of his record of them.

In 1922 he suddenly vanished from New York, reappearing a little later in Paris, where with surprising ease he picked up a job as assistant correspondent for an American sensational newspaper. This took him to the Rhineland, to Spain, and to Morocco. Through the French lines he went into the Rif to see Abd-el-Krim, returning only after he had been given up for dead. After a second visit to the Rif a little later for a new employer—this second visit being made through the Spanish lines—he went to Persia, returning *via* Russia; then to China, again returning *via* Moscow; and finally to Palestine. In those seven years he was also repeatedly in Germany and in England, and he visited Italy and Corsica.

In China he met an American couple, and the wife, Rayna Prohme, came to have a great influence over him. She and Borodin and Abd-el-Krim get the outstanding portraits in the book. She died a few months later in Moscow when he was in that town also. But for him she lived on, and in his closing pages he gives an imaginary talk with her he says he had two years after her death. In this talk he told her that he could never be a revolutionary. She replies that that does not matter. He will be turning Communist in a way if only he will find his job in life, if, for instance, he will learn to write. He has evidently accepted

the behest. He is the author of a book about Abd-el-Krim, of a novel, and possibly of other books, none of which I have read, but I feel confident that this is far and away his best work.

If his miniature etchings of the European politicians with whom he was brought in touch have more bite than depth, that is after all as he saw them. If he displays no striking insight into the momentous events at the unrolling of which he looked on, his business here is to describe their effect on him and not to appraise these events in themselves. For the book is spontaneous confession, and as such must contain queerness and contrasts. His nervous stress over the Jerusalem riots, which he saw, may be explicable; it is not explained. He makes a disproportionate fuss about having hid himself from a disagreeable Moorish travelling companion armed with a big knife. Yet he is as matter-of-fact as possible about his solitary wanderings in a bandit-infested China and about his second and long trek through Morocco with his feet bare.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

Books Recommended

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. By W. C. MACKENZIE. (The Porpoise Press, Edinburgh. 15s.)

MY SEVEN SELVES. By HAMILTON FYFE. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IN GERMANY, 1859–1866. By H. FRIEDJING. (Macmillan. 18s.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By D. W. BROGAN. (Duckworth. 2s.)

FRONT EVERYWHERE. By J. M. W. JEFFERIES. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

AS THE FOREIGNER SAW US. By MALCOLM LETTS. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)

A FRENCHMAN SEES THE ENGLISH IN THE FIFTIES. Adapted from FRANCIS WEY by VALERIE PIRIE. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 8s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE Royal Tournament gathers greater crowds than ever. It is the one summer attraction that never fails to fill Olympia at every session. This year, apart from the items in the programme that lay emphasis on the "Trinity of the Services," the now vital policy of the closest co-operation between the Three Services, the Historical Pageant introduces the old 2nd Foot, "The Queens," which once won fame when serving as Marines at the Battle of "The Glorious First of June" 1794. It is as well to remember that quite a number of our Infantry Regiments, Guards as well as Infantry of the Line, have stirring sea memories which are still commemorated.

"The Queens"—as do the Worcesters, who also fought as Marines on "The Glorious First of June"—have a naval crown to wear on their Colours. The old 69th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion Welch Regiment, had most distinguished naval service to its credit and wears a laurel wreath around the "69" on their Colours and accoutrements. The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards was originally raised from the London Trained Bands, most of whom had naval service. It was on account of this that the 3rd Grenadiers shared with the Royal Marines the privilege of marching through the City of London with bayonets fixed, drums beating and Colours flying, and its band plays "Rule Britannia" before "The King" at Tattoo. The other Grenadier battalions only had this honour conferred in October 1915.

It may easily, too, be forgotten that two officers and 100 men of the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry served as seamen on board the "Triumph" on the China Station at the beginning of the War in 1914. They served for 20 days as such and the Naval Commander-in-Chief wrote of them "that they had carried out their duties as seamen so well he had forgotten they were soldiers."

* * *

WITH the coming great Naval Review in commemoration of the Jubilee, it is only right that mention should be made as often as possible of one source which supplies the Royal Navy with some of its best men. Time and time again the deeds of the "Saucy Arethusa" of old have been spoken of with national pride, but what of its equally great descendant the present Training Ship "Arethusa" which lies off Rochester, preparing 240 young British lads for a life on the ocean wave in both the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine?

This to my mind is one of the really great charities, because it is so essentially practical. The idea of salvaging the careers of boys who have been the victims of unemployment, depression, hard luck and poverty, and bringing out all that is best and manliest in their characters, originated in the heart and mind of a solicitor's clerk to be brought to fruition by the great and good Lord Shaftesbury. To-day many boys and girls are saved to become useful citizens of the State and over 33,000 have passed through the Shaftesbury Homes, of which the "Arethusa" Training Ship is but one part of this great conception of constructive charity.

For 92 years, as the Prince of Wales has reminded the country, has this training, educating and maintaining destitute and orphaned children been in existence and to-day it asks the help of all patriotic citizens who desire that their quota of

charity should pull its full weight. It certainly will if the " Arethusa " is supported as it should be. The Headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

* * *

I WAS very glad to hear that a Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund for the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road has been launched and that Lord Granard hopes that many thousands of envelopes with the mystic words " Silver Jubilee " thereon will reach him with gifts large and small. Donations thus sent will be fittingly acknowledged on a multicoloured receipt printed on an ivory card bearing the portraits of our beloved King and Queen.

Passing the Hospital it is difficult to realize what is going on behind its walls in the great battle now being waged by man against the most fell disease of the age. Day and night it continues; brilliant men are devoting their careers to the conflict, giving up time, money and success in their profession in order to carry on in quiet but deadly earnestness the fight against the disease.

I know one doctor who could make a good fortune as a general practitioner, who is now eking out a bare existence, tackling only the cancer problem. Like other eminent men in other walks of life who after sacrificing everything have bequeathed to posterity the fruits of their labours, he hopes to make his contribution to that noble ideal.

I understand that a new and revolutionary method of treating cancer is to be introduced. This consists of the application in close contact with the growth of a new type of X-ray tube, emitting a degree of radiation comparable with that of radium. It may even displace radium in cancer treatment, and the cost will be but a tenth of what radium treatment now is. This is good news with a vengeance for the host of cancer sufferers who are not blessed with this world's goods.

The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, has now a new Radiological Department available for patients who can afford some charge towards the cost of treatment. On the other hand poor patients are admitted free of charge and still receive the finest medical attention, while advanced and hopeless cases are cared for in a special ward, where as far as possible they are spared all pain.

Who is there that should not be devoutly grateful for good health? I fear too many are thoughtless so long as they themselves do not suffer. Well, this Jubilee Year at any rate let them put self aside and, remembering the thousands who suffer, give and give freely and gratefully to the Cancer Hospital to aid it and its noble Staff in their great fight against the greatest enemy and curse of the human race to-day.

* * *

I SIMPLY cannot get away from the Hospitals this month of Jubilee celebrations. Every Hospital demands our loving sympathy. I know Their Majesties find it impossible to do all they would like to do for them, but they and members of the Royal Family are ever ready to give them their Patronage. The Princess Marie Louise is the Patron of the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, which works unremittingly for the poor afflicted with disease of the eye. Like other noble ventures its beginnings were very humble; first a small house 92 years ago near Russell Square, then a larger house, then a house with a single room available for operations, with gradual increase of size as it was possible to purchase adjoining properties.

Before the War the total number of patients was not far short of 14,000, and to-day over 16,000, of which nearly 900 are in-patients. Since the War the development of medical science and new methods of treatment have necessitated new departments, of which the Ultra-Violet Light, Diathermy, and the Squint

Training are three. Situated as it is in Central London, there come to it for treatment people of the middle classes who can afford to pay something, but in the main those in humble life living in densely populated areas. They have been well described as "needlewomen, tailors, engravers, watchmakers, steelworkers, clerks, and the thousands of unemployed and destitute all deprived of useful vision," with "those other workers and artisans, bricklayers, blacksmiths, carpenters and masons who so frequently require to be relieved of foreign bodies embedded in the eye."

Here again those who enjoy the glorious benefits of good sight must remember their less fortunate brethren and the many who can hardly see from birth to the grave. Some 800,000 of these have been treated here during the Hospital's history, so generosity of thought and action should be the well-spring of our gifts.

* * *

AND from Central London to the East End, which gave such a warm welcome to the King and Queen. Only two months ago I mentioned Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, and its urgent need for a new Operating Theatre and for the doubling of its present beds and the necessary extension of its buildings. The pounds of the rich and comfortably-off are badly needed to swell the pence of the poor, though "the widow's mite" still marvellously keeps the Hospital from sinking. Just as the money of the West End was needed to make the street decorations suitable for the Royal Jubilee, so it is needed—and needed badly—to give to the poor of the East End a fighting chance to overcome the bodily ailments and accidents of life, never easy and always lived under difficulties.

* * *

I MENTIONED last month Watco, Ltd., 236–237, Blackfriars Road, S.E., as the saviours of good timber from the wood-boring beetle with their Hope Wood Worm Destroyer and Wood Hardener, which puts paid to Master Beetle and keeps the wood surfaces immune from attack. I do not want to convey the impression that Watco is a cousin of our friend Keating. It has no such relationship. It is the last word in discovery of how timber, and especially antique furniture, should be protected from the ravages of the wood-boring beetle, of which I believe there are three varieties to be found in the British Isles. For our general education I give them: the Lyctus or Powder Post Beetle, the Anobium Punctatum or Furniture Beetle, and the Xestobium Rufovillosum or Death Watch Beetle. Well, Watco will reduce their wonted workings to the Latin "nihil."

* * *

I HAD some Australian apples the other day, all absolutely fresh, which had only been picked a few weeks ago in the warm sunshine of the Antipodes. Their aroma and flavour were perfect. The dealer told me there are now over 2,000 kinds of apples, and that the original "Adam" of all these varieties was the homely crab-apple.

This reminded me of the story of the old lady in Australia who peeled her crab-apples and threw the parings into a small stream outside her door. The parings took root; apple trees grew and yellow apples appeared. This species is now the famous "Granny Smith."

Apple rings fried with bacon for breakfast are an excellent, if uncommon, dish; another one for breakfast is obtained by the following recipe:—Take a level tablespoonful of rolled oats, soak overnight in three tablespoonfuls of water, add juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of condensed milk, take two apples with skin, core and pip, and grate them into it, stirring continually. If served cold a few chopped Brazil nuts over the top add a delightful flavour. Try both these ways of enjoying apples for breakfast.

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SEASIDE—(*continued*).

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